

COUNTRY LIFE

ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by THOMAS FALL,

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES

Baker Street, W.

KINGSCLERE.

THE Kingsclere stable, for many reasons, is constantly before the eyes of the Turf World. Its prestige in the past, and the proved consummate skill of the master hand that directs its proceedings, account in equal degree for the notice that it attracts from all followers of racing at home and abroad. Therefore it is only adhering to the ordinary course of events when the quadrupedal inmates of the Park House stables are "talked about." But short of those equine giants, who have come out from the gates of Kingsclere to carry ail before them in the classic races, it is doubtful if any one team of three year olds trained by John Porter in any one season were ever so much "talked about"—run up and run down—as the five animals—now four year olds—depicted in these present pages, were during the course of the flat racing season of 1896.

Omladina, Helm, and Labrador had done so well as two year olds in the season of 1895, that it was a very general

which he was obviously not fit, won every weight for age event for which he started during the season. In fact, he won six races, including the Prince of Wales's Stakes, and the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, amounting in value to the sum of 5,852 sovs. His only defeat of the season, besides that in the Tudor Plate already referred to, and moreover the only handicap engagement that he fulfilled during the year, was in the Cambridgeshire, in which race, as he was endeavouring on that occasion to present Winkfield's Pride with 18lb. it is not surprising to find that he should not have figured with any especial prominence.

Many followers of racing held at the end of the season the decided opinion that Labrador was the best of the Kingsclere three-year olds of 1896. His defeat of Marco in the Champion Stakes certainly showed considerable merit, which his scramble home by a head from Serfdom in the Great Foal Stakes a fort-



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

PARK HOUSE.

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impression in Turf circles, when the results of that season came to be weighed up and criticised in the early days of 1896, that if the master of Kingsclere should find, as the spring and summer wore on, that Regret and Shaddock—who had each made a very creditable single appearance under colours, one in the middle and the other at the end of the season—were the best representatives of the yellow and black, that there would be a very rosy chance of Kingsclere once again holding high revels, about the middle of June, in commemoration of a Derby victory.

That Regret was to follow in the footsteps of Ormonde and Common was for a considerable time the belief of a great many individuals, and among them some unquestionably shrewd judges of the thoroughbred. How greatly the son of Sheen and Farewell disappointed the expectations of his keenest supporters and the hopes of his owner and trainer is now such ancient Turf history as to need no repetition here. Suffice it to say, that though he won three races, he never in any one event showed himself to be within 14lb. or anything like it of the two crack three year old colts of his year.

Shaddock, on the other hand, who was reported to be considerably the inferior of Regret, with the exception of his first engagement of the season, the Tudor Plate at Sandown, for

night previously had not foreshadowed. Nevertheless his second to Persimmon in the Leger, beaten a length and a half, was the only defeat he met with in nine engagements that he fulfilled after Ascot, with the single exception of the Eclipse Stakes, in which he was avowedly started for the sole purpose of making running for his stable companion and half-brother, Regret.

Leaving out of account the flying Omladina, who, for some reason, was withdrawn from training and sent to the stud after Goodwood, the one remaining of the quartette of three year olds that figured under the yellow and black of the Duke of Westminster is Helm, by Morion—Quetta. Her two best races were the Coronation Stakes at Ascot and the Yorkshire Oaks at the York August Meeting. The first of these two events formed one of the items of the Kingsclere blaze of triumph on the Royal Heath in June, when the detractors of the representatives of the stable—and they were many about that time—had to admit that there had been grounds for saying that the Kingsclere horses of the season were a good all round lot.

Between them the four three year olds belonging to the Duke of Westminster, which are shown in the pages of this present number, won, in the course of last season, eighteen races, amounting in value to 18,680 sovs. This goes a

KINGSCLERE.

good way to show that John Porter was not far wrong when he thought that he had especially hopeful prospects for the racing season, when casting up the chances of his candidates in the early spring, and but for 1896 having proved a year especially strong in three year old colts the prognostication that it would rank as the Duke of Westminster's year might easily have been fulfilled.

The other four year old—whose illustration is repeated in

this number—is St. Bris, Mr. W. Low's colt by St. Simon—Nandine, the winner of the Cesarewitch. Although his portrait was given in the pages of RACING ILLUSTRATED on the occasion of his victory in that race, it has been repeated with those of his stable companions in this number, for the benefit of those readers who may not have seen the illustration when it appeared previously. Next week portraits of some of the Kingsclere three year olds of the coming season will be given.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

LABRADOR, BY SHEEN--ORNAMENT.

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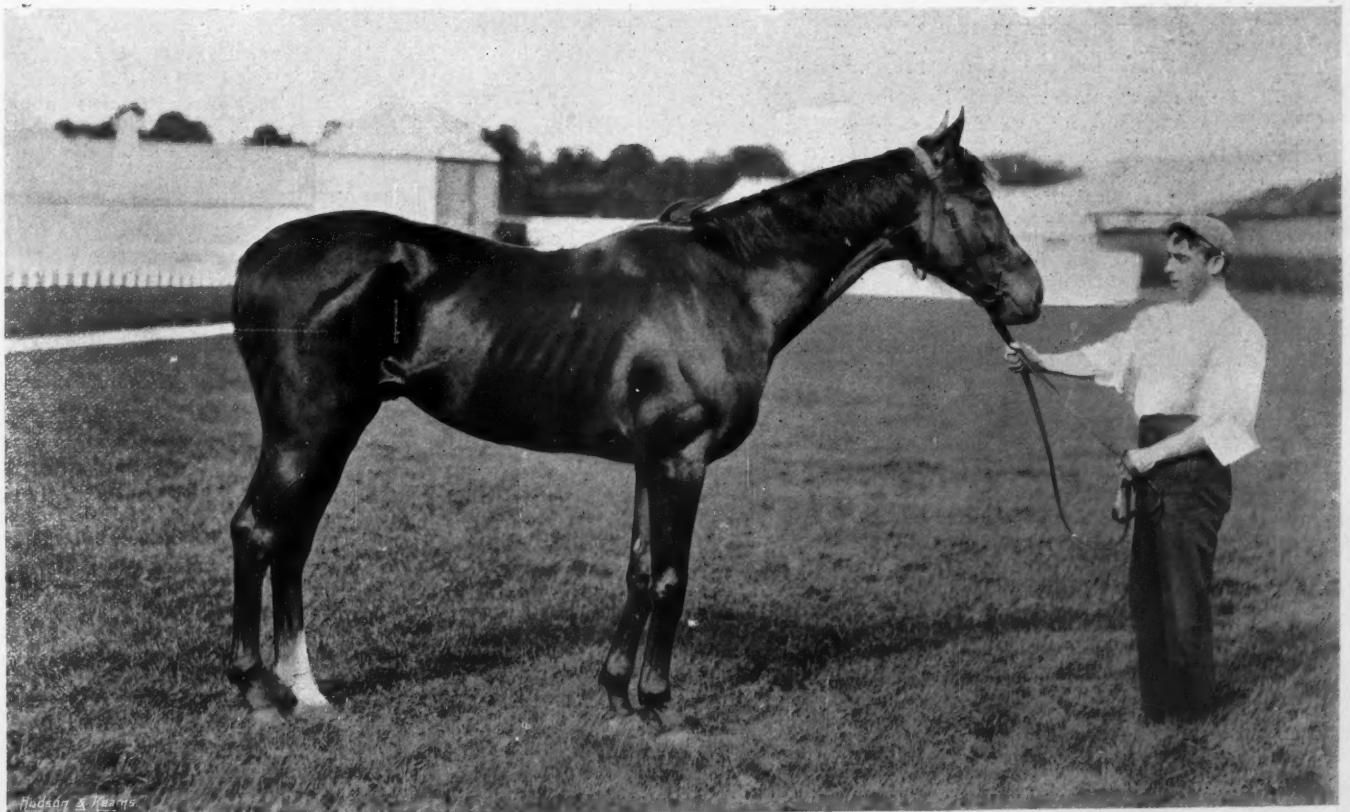


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

ST. BRIS, BY ST. SIMON--NANDINE.

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CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
<i>H.R.H. the Princess of Wales</i> ...	31
<i>Park House; Kingsclere</i> ...	32
<i>Labrador, by Sheen—Ornament</i> ...	33
<i>St. Bris, by St. Simon—Nandine</i> ...	33
<i>Regret, by Sheen—Farewell</i> ...	37
<i>Helm, by Morion—Quetta</i> ...	37
<i>Shaddock, by St. Serf—Orange</i> ...	38
<i>Rolfe; A Notable French Trainer and Jockey</i> ...	38
<i>Lord March's House at Molecomb</i> ...	39
<i>The Pheasantry; Goodwood</i> ...	39
<i>A Wet Day at Goodwood</i> ...	40
<i>Dunster</i> ...	43
<i>Coming Down the Street; Dunster</i> ...	43
<i>Near Culbone</i> ...	44
<i>Hawcombe Head</i> ...	44
<i>On Dunkerry</i> ...	45
<i>In Badworthy Water</i> ...	45
<i>Charlecote; the Hall from the Terrace</i> ...	46
<i>Charlecote from the Park</i> ...	47
<i>Faultless in Approaches; After Dinner Golf</i> ...	49
<i>Outside View of the Kennels; Sandringham</i> ...	50
<i>Interior of the Kennels; Sandringham</i> ...	50
<i>Beauty, Venus, Luska, and Perla</i> ...	51
<i>Brunsdon; Kennelman</i> ...	52
<i>Spaniels, Clumbers</i> ...	52
<i>Mr. C. D. Rose</i> ...	53
<i>The Father of the Herd; Highland Cattle</i> ...	56
<i>By the Sea Shore</i> ...	56
<i>Sundown</i> ...	56
<i>On the Hills</i> ...	57

LITERARY.

<i>The Kingsclere Four Year Olds</i> ...	32
<i>Notes on Sport</i> ...	34, 35, 36
<i>A Notable French Trainer and Jockey</i> ...	38
<i>The Corinthian Handicap; by G. H. Rayner</i> ...	41
<i>With the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds.—II.</i> ...	43
<i>Country Homes; Charlecote—I.</i> ...	46
<i>After Dinner Golf; by Horace G. Hutchinson</i> ...	48
<i>H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Kennels; by Gambier Bolton</i> ...	50
<i>With the York and Ainsty: the Run of the Season</i> ...	54
<i>Between the Flags; by Ubique</i> ...	54
<i>Highland Cattle; by Charles Reid</i> ...	55

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short sporting stories dealing with racing, hunting, etc.

With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

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NOTES ON SPORT.

BY FIELD, PATH AND RIVER.

SO far, much to the satisfaction of hunting men, and indeed to the great majority of the population as well, but no doubt a good deal to the disappointment of skaters, frost and snow have been conspicuous by their absence from the winter of 1896-97. Skaters may, however, take heart of grace from the forecast of certain would-be weather prophets, one of whom, it must be admitted, has recently been especially accurate—or perhaps I should say, fortunate—in his meteorological prognostications, and who foretells that the first week in February is to see a sharp frost of at least a fortnight's duration. This does not come as tidings of comfort and joy, but after all, as the old song runs, "it hasn't happened yet." Latter day prophets in most respects, flatter only to deceive, and weather prophets do so especially; they flatter themselves that they are weather prophets, and deceive those who believe what they say.

Occasionally some one of them makes a big hit, as, for instance, one Murphy did in a great frost that occurred somewhere about the end of "the thirties." He published an almanack in which he foretold with absolute accuracy the day that a frost of unusual severity would set in, and the identical day on which it would terminate. Despite his unexampled accuracy in weather prophecy, his almanack that year had only a moderate sale. But the next year! Well, the almanacks could not be printed fast enough. He sold thousands. Songs were written and sung of his great gift of weather wisdom, one of which had a verse which ran as follows:—

Murphy has a weather eye,
He can tell whene'er he pleases,
Whether it will be wet or dry,
When it snows and when it freezes.

In this second almanack he foretold with equal confidence and with considerably more detail the forthcoming weather changes for the year. People swore by his almanack at the beginning of the season, and at it when the end of the year came, for just as his forecastings had in the first year of publication been marvelously accurate, so in the succeeding year did they prove to be stupendously incorrect.

A *propos* of the recent hunting accidents to Lord William Beresford and Mr. Henry Chaplin, it has been commented on—not in a sporting paper—as curious that a mild and open hunting season should provide more serious disasters than when the ground is trappy from continually recurring frosts and thaws. The ingenious mind that made this discovery is probably of the same class as that of the man who, after endless calculations, discovered that on the average one out of every seven eminent men dies on a Sunday. The obvious reason for more accidents occurring in an open hunting season is that so very many more people hunt when such conditions of weather prevail. It is satisfactory to learn that both the two sufferers named are progressing as favourably as possible under the circumstances. Lord William Beresford seems to have come off rather the worse of the pair, despite the fact that Mr. Chaplin's age and weight are both much the greater, and that he had a very bad fall indeed.

Mr. John Porter is a trainer of renown, and one whose opinion on any subject connected with the Turf ought to be entitled to the most respectful consideration. For this very reason it is all the greater pity that he should have taken it into his head to write to the newspapers on a subject which he evidently does not understand, and in a manner which the more we consider it the less we think of it. His letter is headed "Flat Racing all the Year Round," the bare idea of which seems to have had much the same effect on him as water on a mad dog, and yet he fails to see that we have it already, and that Lord Suffolk's motion, which has disturbed him so much, is in no form or shape intended to increase the quantity of it, but merely to improve the quality of what is universally admitted to be a most important branch of it. The grounds on which he opposes Lord Suffolk's very useful proposal are almost too foolish to be seriously discussed. He begins by saying that horses would be kept in training all the year round. A great many are, as it is. What about Cameronian, Quilon, Athel, and many others that can be mentioned?

At the same time the new rule will not have that effect at all. The summer is the time for sprinting, the winter for long distance racing, and all that will happen will be that certain horses who are no good at the former will get their chance in the winter, when they can be trained over their own best distances. He is also terribly afraid that trainers and jockeys will lose their winter's rest. As to the former, there are plenty of them now who train mixed teams, and are therefore busy all the year round, but it is entirely voluntary on their part, and Mr. John Porter need not do so unless he likes. With regard to the latter the only hardship of their business is the wasting, and as the lowest weight in these races will be 9st. 7lb., that will not be necessary, and I cannot think that they will not be glad of the chance of riding an occasional two mile race during the close season when they can do so without any trouble or inconvenience to themselves. At the same time they may not get the chance, as these races may be confined to steeplechase jockeys, and in that case will certainly prove a benefit to a hard worked and deserving body of men. If only for this one reason I shall be glad to see the new rule at work.

Mr. Porter also has his misgivings as to what will happen to our training grounds when Lord Suffolk's motion becomes law. But as it is, are not horses trained all the year round at Newmarket, Epsom, Lewes, Salisbury Plain, Winchester, Stockbridge, and a hundred other places too, and what earthly difference will it make to these places simply to create a slight amendment in the conditions of one particular class of race?

Then again he views with great concern the chance of horses catching cold going from one meeting to another in the winter, although they run almost, if not quite, as great a risk of doing so in the summer. That danger, such as it is, already exists for steeplechasers. Does he suggest that National Hunt racing should therefore be abolished? The fact is that Mr. Porter takes the whole matter from his own personal point of view. His own gallops at Kingsclere afford the best of going all the summer, but are rotten in the winter, and he therefore naturally prefers summer training to the same thing in the winter. At the same time I am sure that he is perturbing himself about nothing, and it is certainly a pity to see a man whom everyone respects, put pen to paper with such a very feeble result.

Public opinion has always varied considerably as to the form of the Australian horses which have been coming over to this country during the last twelve months, or more. Some protest that they are better race-horses than our own, whilst others call them common brutes. The truth probably lies somewhere half-way between these two extremes, but as it is almost impossible to get anything like a fair test of the relative merits of the two, it will probably always remain a matter of opinion. For myself, I have felt sure of one thing, that Australian-bred steeplechasers must beat a disadvantage in this country, seeing the class of obstacle which they have been used to negotiate on their own courses at home. The result of being raced over such "countries" as those of Australia and New Zealand must necessarily make a horse jump too big for our easy sloping fences here, and although Ebor has been winning steeplechases of late, it must not be forgotten that he could not jump the fences in Australia, and was only a hurdle-racer out there.

I am reminded of these things by the fact that the crack steeplechaser of the Antipodes, the mighty Daimio, made his *début* on an English race-course at Lingfield on Saturday last. His appearance, his action, and his style of jumping had been so differently described to me, by one person and another, that I determined to go down and see him for myself. I found him walking about in the paddock, a big, powerful, upstanding customer, with a regular Waler forehead, a lightish middle, and rather mean in his flanks and quarters. He looked light, and dried up, and I was assured by one who knew him well in Australia that he is stonier lighter now than he was when he used to win races there. As to his running, that it should be utterly ignored I feel quite certain. When fit and well, he is a hard puller, and, although jumping too high, he gets off again, on landing, quickly enough. On Saturday he never "took hold" and dwelt terribly at his fences. The heavy going too cannot have suited a horse used to the top of the ground, and although I doubt if he will do anything like as well in this country as his friends expect that he will, I am quite certain that he ought not to be judged by his initial effort.

As for the rest of the day's proceedings, Melton Prior was a real good thing for the Eden Vale Hurdle Handicap, in spite of 10lb. extra for a win on the previous day, and although Champs d'Or and Sea Wall were better favourites, he won in a canter by six lengths from the former, with Bev Jones third, and the Lewes horse fourth. This son of Melton is certainly smart just now. The Blindley Heath Maiden Hurdle Race looked a good thing for Pilot, if he jumped all right, which he did, though another novice Doughty was made a better favourite. The race was run at a wretched pace all the way, in fact they only crawled, and for some astounding reason Pilot lay off for more than three quarters of the distance. The result was, that although he beat the favourite, the effort of making up so much ground in such a short distance was too much for him, and in the end he got beaten by Hawker, although if he had waited in front, instead of nearly a hundred yards behind, he would probably have won easily. As it is, he is a good jumper, has a lot of class in his favour, and will, I think, win over hurdles before long.

The first day at Lingfield began with the Holly Steeplechase, for which only two runners—Scampanio (12st. 7lb.) and The Cowan (11st. 12lb.)—went to the post. The former has always been a favourite of mine, and has often shown himself useful, but he ran a perfect pig at Lingfield last month, and, moreover, had been beaten by The Cowan at 12lb. in November last at Hurst Park, so that his friends were afraid to lay any but the barest shade of odds on him. However, on this occasion he was quite on his best behaviour and in his best form, and never giving his opponent a look in he galloped home twenty lengths in front. I was very pleased with the performance, as I have always thought this six year old son of Thurio one of the most promising young chasers in training. I. O. U. was naturally made favourite for the Yuletide Handicap Hurdle Race, but he was unable to give 18lb. to Melton Prior, who won by five lengths, and Mr. Bleackley's five year old has been a terribly unlucky horse this season.

The deaths of two great racehorses have recently been announced—George Frederick and Kisber. Both were Derby winners and each played a somewhat sensational part in the Turi drama of the seventies. That Mr. Cartwright's chestnut colt, George Frederick, by Marsyas—Princess of Wales, was a good horse when he won the Derby is a certainty, though I have always thought that he was dead in luck when Lord Falmouth's Atlantic by Thormanby—Hurricane, the best mover I ever saw, and winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, met with an injury to his knee, on the way to Epsom. I have a very distinct recollection of the bloodlike Glenalmond, by Blair Athol—Coimbra, a good colt, but like most of Coimbra's stock, a sad coward, who started favourite, whilst nine to one was always on offer against George Frederick, whom it was generally believed his heavy-looking shoulders would stop coming down the hill.

As Custance who rode him, tells us, however, when you were on him, his shoulders were good enough, whatever they looked like from the ground, and as Custance rightly says, no one can really judge of a horse's shoulders until he has been on his back. At any rate the colt did come down the hill, with the best of the trio, and won quite easily from Couronne de Fer and Atlantic, whilst the favourite finished a long way behind. On the strength of this he was naturally made favourite for the St. Leger at 3 to 1, but he went to a longer price when he failed to turn up at Ascot. As a matter of fact he could never be trained after Epsom, and the most sensational episode in his career was his being left in the St. Leger until the very last moment, although for a long time he had done no work, and there had not been the smallest chance of his going to the post.

I happen to have a very good recollection of that particular event, because a friend of mine, acting on what he knew, or what he thought he knew, had laid heavily against Mr. Cartwright's horse at Goodwood, and was waiting patiently to see him scratched. But no, the horse not only kept his ground, but went better in the betting every day. A whole army of "special commissioners" went down to Wroughton, and returned with the tale that not only was he sound and well, but doing good work as well. It was very mysterious, and hardly pleasant. In due course the Derby winner was sent to Doncaster, a hotter favourite than ever. What did it all mean? At last the murder was out, and we knew that the Derby winner was among the dead. What a lot the British public subscribed that year—to some one! George Frederick never put his foot on a racecourse again, and began his stud life at Cobham, where he sired Beau Brummel and Frontier. He afterwards went to the Marden Deer Park Stud, at the sale of which he was bought by Mr. Guy Betheli for, I think, about 60 or 70 guineas, and afterwards went to America, where he has just ended his days at the ripe old age of twenty-six.

That Kisber was a good horse, too, there is no denying, unless he was indeed a four year old when he won the Derby, as I have heard men who are not used to talking at random declare. His principal rival as a three year old was Petrarch, who after he had won the Two Thousand Guineas, became a hot favourite for the Epsom race. Whether he was ever really expected to win that race I do not know, but certainly there were one or two well-known wire-pullers always ready to lay him, and back the Mineral colt, as Kisber was known, until just before the Derby. How Kisber won his race, with Petrarch nowhere, and thereby gave his owner a renewed lease of turf life is matter of history. He became the summer favourite for the St. Leger. However, it was Petrarch's turn this time. The same people who had backed Kisber for the Epsom event were, oddly enough, supporting Petrarch for the Doncaster race. Like George Frederick, Kisber went to Yorkshire with a flourish of trumpets and the money of half the backers in England behind him, but he had never done a Leger preparation, and had not the smallest chance of winning. A good thing came off, subsequently, when Petrarch just squeezed home in front of Wild Tommy.

Another well-known winner, who like Kisber, passed the last days of his life abroad, was Lord Falmouth's beautiful horse, Charibert, by Thormanby—Gertrude, by Saunterer—Queen Bertha, by Kingston—Flax, by Surplice, who died lately at Baron Oppenheim's stud at Schlenderhann, near Cologne. He won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, as a two year old. Next year he beat the natty Cadogan and the subsequent St. Leger winner, Rayon d'Or for the Two Thousand Guineas, after which he won a sweepstakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, although in the meantime he had been beaten out of a place in Sir Bevy's Derby. He was a brilliant sprinter, but could never really stay, though he went on winning races until he was five years old, and he ought to have been a more successful sire than he was.

Although Rugby footballers start, for the most part, later in the year than the followers of the Association game, they more speedily dispose of their great matches. The North and South game, and a very good game it was too, has already taken place, whilst on the 9th of the month England met Wales at Newport. Not often has this tussle resulted in favour of the players from the Principality but on this occasion the Englishmen were somewhat easily defeated. England has frequently beaten Wales owing to the superior tactics of the forwards, but this season the Welsh Union went to the hills for their front rank, and the result was a line of muscular giants who carried all before them.

On the other hand, the English selection committee tried what all through looked like a very risky experiment, and which in the end proved to be a very decided mistake. They gave individually a rare look in, and with the consequence that the pack contained men hailing from Surrey, Warwickshire, Somerset, Durham, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Northumberland. With so many styles represented the question naturally was—"Can the men combine?" The answer to this enquiry came in a very practical way, and took the form of a decisive defeat of England by Wales by a goal and two tries to nil.

The ground was in a terrible condition, and after the first ten or twelve minutes it was almost impossible to distinguish the various players, so covered were they with mud. The feature of the play was the brilliant work of the Welsh pack, and it had rightly been claimed by local critics that the Welsh Rugby Union had picked their eight very judiciously. They never allowed their opponents a moment's breathing time, and whenever the ball was loose—and play was certainly of a open description—rushed it down field in irresistible fashion. They seemed to revel in the mud, and exhibited marvellous dash and strength. Of the English forwards there were no noticeably weak men, but one or two seemed to have had quite enough of it by the time the teams crossed over, and they were in the end quite outstayed by the Welshmen.

The first Association International Football match is still a long way off, but already a lot of discussion concerning the constitution of the English eleven has been aroused in football circles. It seems likely that the important post of centre forward will be filled either by J. H. Gettins, or G. O. Smith. In all probability Smith will have the preference. This season he has been nearly irresistible. His dash and shooting powers are superb, and although some critics think that he does not use his weight to the same advantage as Gettins, others, and they are in the majority, consider the old Oxonian the more scientific players. Of course there are more unlikely things than that both will gain International caps, but Smith would probably figure in the centre in that case.

A feature of the recent holiday-time was the great number of football matches that are decided on Christmas Day. The practice of making such fixtures is on the increase, and Good Friday also is seized upon by certain club managers as affording an opportunity of swelling the exchequer. Now, though from one point of view there is no earthly reason why games should not be played on these days, there is, however, another side to the picture. Big matches cause big crowds. Big crowds very frequently lead to horseplay and a general want of decorum.

Usually quiet thoroughfares are invaded by a laughing, noisy mob, and the peace and comfort of the inhabitants is sacrificed to more or less "devil-may-care" merriment. Thousands of right-minded, well-meaning individuals are caused pain thereby. Under other conditions they would probably never think of trying to interfere in any way with football or footballers. But as it is their susceptibilities are outraged. They associate all football players with horseplay and rowdiness, and they are turned against the sport because a day on which play could very well be spared, and which they have a right to expect to be, and which under ordinary circumstances would be, for them a time of peace and quiet, is turned upside down by the invasion of a rough-and-tumble football mob.

In reviewing the athletics of the past twelve months the conclusion must be arrived at that the season of 1896 was decidedly more eventful than usual. The sensation of the year was unquestionably supplied by the action of the Amateur Athletic Association, in June, when they weeded from amateur ranks, such famous athletes as Crossland, Bacon, Downer, Bradley, and Watkins. It came to the knowledge of the ruling body that for a long time past the five athletes named had, though retaining their title of amateurs, and running as such, been regularly paid by promoters of certain athletic meetings. Being thus debarred from taking part in the A.A.A. Championship Meetings, the enforced absence of the hitherto crack

amateurs went a long way towards robbing the reunion at Northampton of much of its interest, although the entries were in their absence larger than ever.

N. D. Morgan, of the Belfast Harriers, secured the 100 yards, but in time which made him out a good deal behind Bradley, who had held the championship for so many years previously. The victory of J. C. Meredith over W. Fitzherbert in the Quarter was a surprise. The time clearly showed that the Cantab could not have been himself on the day, for he has on three separate occasions covered the distance in 49.3.5 seconds, and Meredith's winning time of 52 seconds would not have won a preliminary heat at former championship meetings. The absence of E. C. Bredin made A. W. de King's task in the Half Mile fairly easy, but this again, judged by previous results was anything but up to the standard of championship performances, while, with Bacon unable to compete, B. Lawford of the South London Harriers had no difficulty in winning the Mile. G. B. Shaw of the London Athletic Club gave a very fine performance when, aided by a strong wind behind him, he won the Hurdles for the fourth year in succession in 15.3.5 second, the best time on record for the meeting. H. Harrison, the Manchester amateur, who won the Four Miles, proved himself to be a genuine long distance runner.

Of all athletic meetings of the year, whether on field, path, or river, those between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the public schools, carry with them an interest unequalled by any other class of athletic contest. This arises from the fact that everyone who sees, or reads of, any one of these various struggles, knows at once without the faintest doubt entering his mind, that the contest is in every detail an absolutely genuine one. Whatever there may be elsewhere there is no sordid under-current of pecuniary interest here; it is sport pure and simple—sport for sport's sake, and sport of the very best.

The annual meeting of the Light and Dark Blue on the path at the Queen's Club proved a wonderfully interesting gathering this year, the Light Blues finally gaining victory by the narrow margin of the odd event. W. Fitzherbert's time 49.3.5 sec. in the quarter, in which he beat Gilbert Jordan by a yard after a desperate race, proves very conclusively that he was far from being himself when he suffered defeat at the A.A.A. championship meeting four months later. Cambridge won the mile, quarter, long jump, throwing the hammer, and putting the weight, leaving their dark blue rivals winners of the 100 yards, high jump, 130 yards hurdles, and the three miles.

The result of the American Championships point to Bernard J. Wefers as being quite the fastest amateur runner of the present day. Wefers is a medical student. He is a strapping young fellow, standing six feet in his socks, and in the American Collegiate Championships, held last May, he ran 220 yards in the extraordinary time of 21.1.5 secs. Wefers was altogether unknown until he made his appearance on the path last year, but since then he has done some out and out performances, actually covering 100 yards in 9.4.5 secs., and 300 yards in 31 secs.

For the first time in the history of the event the Oxford and Cambridge cross country race was this year decided over a neutral course, and thus it came about that the old Thames Hare and Hounds country at Roehampton was the venue chosen for the contest a few weeks back. The weather was, unfortunately, very bad, and, as a matter of fact, the race has rarely been run under such wretched conditions. The course proved exceptionally severe in consequence. W. W. Gibberd, of Trinity, the Cambridge captain, took the lead very early on in the run, and his position at the head of affairs was never in doubt after the first half of the distance had been covered. That Cambridge had matters pretty much their own way is shown by the fact that he was followed home by two of his own team, in S. S. Cook and A. F. Wedgwood.

Just before Christmas the South London Harriers took a cross-country team to Cambridge, and gained a well-deserved victory over the Light Blues. Although W. W. Gibberd ran exceedingly well as usual, W. H. Sanders proved more than a match for him, and beat him for the first place by 17sec. Benson Lawford (S.L.H.) finished third. Considering the heavy going Saunders's time (42min. 31sec.) for the seven miles and a half was good. On the same day the Thames Hare and Hounds beat the United Hospitals over the Roehampton Course, thanks mainly to the fine running of the brothers J. B. and A. Rye, who finished first and second respectively, but it must not be forgotten that the Hospitals were without Dr. Munro, whose absence probably made all the difference between defeat and victory.

HIPPIAS.

KINGSCLERE.



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A NOTABLE FRENCH TRAINER AND JOCKEY.



Ogerau.

ROLFE

Paris.

THE portrait published some little time back of Omnium II., who has been one of the most successful four year olds on the French turf in 1896, will have naturally led up to the portrayal of his jockey and trainer, who has placed the name of M. de Saint Alary in a most prominent position on the list of winning owners on the other side of the Channel. Edgar Rolfe was a sort of Christmas-box to his parents, for he was born in a small Suffolk village on the 26th of December in 1856. He developed an early taste for the pigskin, and in 1871 he was apprenticed to Mr. Henry Jennings, brother to the Tom of that ilk, and better known in France as "Old Hat."

Mr. Jennings, who had been training in France, had been compelled to leave that country owing to the German invasion. La Croix Saint Ouen, where his establishment was located, was occupied by the Prussians and most of the Anglo-French trainers paid an enforced visit to the old country to compare notes with their Newmarket colleagues. Rolfe accompanied "Old Hat" to France when the Germans had withdrawn, and took his place in that excellent school which some declare was a "little bit rough," since the master was not to be trifled with, but, all agree, produced some of the best horsemen and trainers England has bestowed on the Gaul. Carratt, Rolfe and others have graduated under the eye of "Old Hat," and those who have taken to heart his lessons and advice, and have kept to the straight path, have no cause to regret being ruled with the rod of iron the old man was known to wield rather liberally at times.

Rolfe followed in the footsteps of Carratt, his senior and first jockey in the stable. His first mount in public was in the August of 1873, when he rode Loralba at Deauville. He was able to claim the maiden jockey's allowance for another twelvemonth, and failed to draw blood until M. J. Prat, the well-known French sportsman, put him up at the Nantes Autumn Meeting on Felicité, a two year old filly by Le Petit Caporal out of Fragola.

Five winning brackets were carried to his credit in 1874, and then we find him slowly but gradually adding to his score, riding against such excellent horsemen as Hudson, who was in the very first flight as leading jockey to the celebrated Lupin stable, Wheeler, who was one of the most apt pupils of "Old Hat," whose place he had left to wear the lucky colours of the Barons Rothschild, and Carver, who in the cap and jacket of Count

VIEWS IN GOODWOOD PARK.

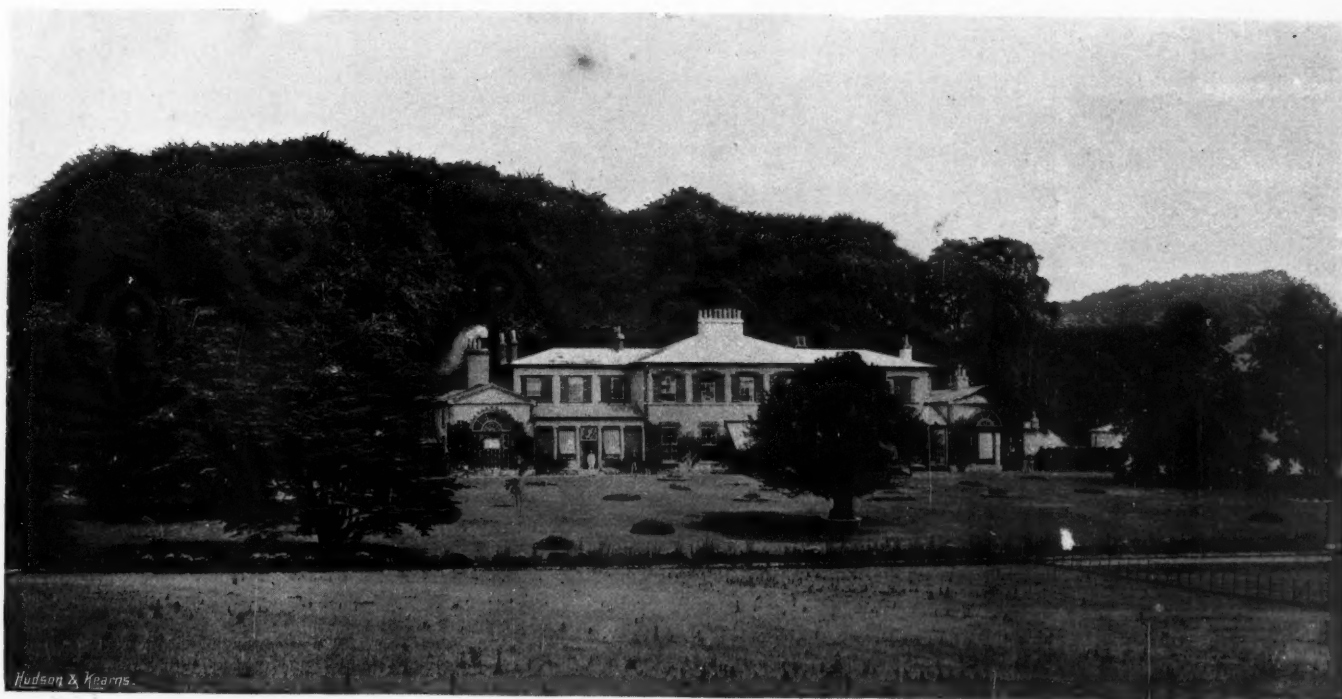


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

LORD MARCH'S HOUSE AT MOLECOMB.

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THE PHEASANTRY; GOODWOOD.

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Lagrainge was the terror of every novice. Many a French sportsman will remember the sensational dead heat in the Prix de la Ville de Paris, when Rolfe on the Marquis of Caumont's Valerien raced home head and head with Pierrot, belonging to the Count de Méens, ridden by Wheeler—finishing in a manner which prevented the judge from dividing them. From that moment the position of Rolfe was secured, and in 1877 he had the good fortune to be selected by Mr. Jennings to carry the

colours of Count de Juigné on the famous Jongleur, the son of Mars and Joliette, who was destined to tread in the footsteps of Peut-Etre and Montargis, both of whom had won the Cambridgeshire on the classic heath of Newmarket.

It was in 1877 that Rolfe took his first Omnium with Manchette, and scored three wins the same day in the initial event with Giboulée, and then in the Prix Royal Oak, where Jongleur landed with three-quarters of a length to spare, an even-money chance

ON THE RACECOURSE.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

A WET DAY AT GOODWOOD,

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against such jockeys as Carver, Hunter, Carratt, and Wheeler. Rolfe rode *Jongleur* in all his races, and the legend of the big cheques and pockets full of gold which came across the Channel when Count de Juigné's representative won the back-end handicap at Newmarket still lives in the memory of layer and backer, while more than one Frenchman can date his first period of success to that occasion. At the end of 1877 Rolfe stood fourth on the list of winning jockeys, and when the season of 1878 commenced he had as much riding as he wanted. He was in request by the stable which Wigginton had under his management, and in 1878, after he had won the *Omnium* with *Reveillon*, he married Wigginton's sister. *Reveillon* was the property of Baron de Rothschild, who was then training with J. Bartholomew, the father of the brothers who have been entrusted with the management of the important stable at Chamant, the largest in France.

Baron De Rothschild ran two—*Reveillon*, a four year old, and *Reserviste II.*, a three year old. The latter started first favourite in a field of six and twenty, and J. M'Donald, the stable jockey, had the leg up, carrying first colours, whilst *Reveillon* was in the 40 to 1 division. The stable money was on *Reserviste II.*, on the faith of home trials, and Jim Bartholomew, the trainer, had put his bit on, so that he might have a visit to Vichy, and cure the aches and pains from which he was then suffering. No declaration was made, and Rolfe won by a couple of lengths from his stable companions, to the surprise, and one may add, the dismay, of those who had "followed the Baron." He had won the Cup on *Brie*, in the blue jacket and yellow cap, and the *Caen St. Leger* with *Commandant*, while in the autumn of the same year he rode that memorable dead heat on *Louis d'Or*, against *Basilique*, in the *Grand Criterium*. The pair could not be separated as they passed the chair, but the backers had such confidence in the riding of Rolfe, and in the merits of *Louis d'Or*, then regarded as

the best two year old in France, that they laid 5 to 4 on him. When the dead heat was run off, Hudson nursed the filly during the race, and only sent her out at the half distance, where the pair raced for home, and *Basilique* gained the verdict by a length.

The year 1879 was a most successful one for Rolfe; but his weight was increasing, and he experienced some difficulty in riding under 8st. 8lb. He could not rest until he had put the finishing touch to the jockey's career by winning the Derby. He thought he had a chance of finding his name among the riders of classic winners in 1880, but he came across *Beauminet*, the only French Derby winner who ever ran in the tricolour of M. C. J. Lefevre, then racing as the *Chamant Stud*. Rolfe had the leg up on *Le Lion*, who was fancied by his owner, Viscount de Tredern, and who ran so well that he finished, after a most exciting race, within a head of the son of *Flageolet*, who was ridden by Fred Archer. Strange to say, the form was subsequently verified, as the two horses, Archer and Rolfe again in the saddle, met in the *Prix Royal Oak*, easily won by *Beauminet*. Rolfe carried silk for Vicomte de Tredern, for M. H. Delamarre, and some of the best French owners, but his first classic race, the Oaks, or *Prix de Diane*, was taken in 1883, when he got home the outsider *Verte-Bonne* for M. Delamarre, defeating the favourite *Stockholm*. The latter, as a four year old, won the *Goodwood Stakes* by six lengths from *Florence*, the subsequent winner of the *Cambridgeshire* that season.

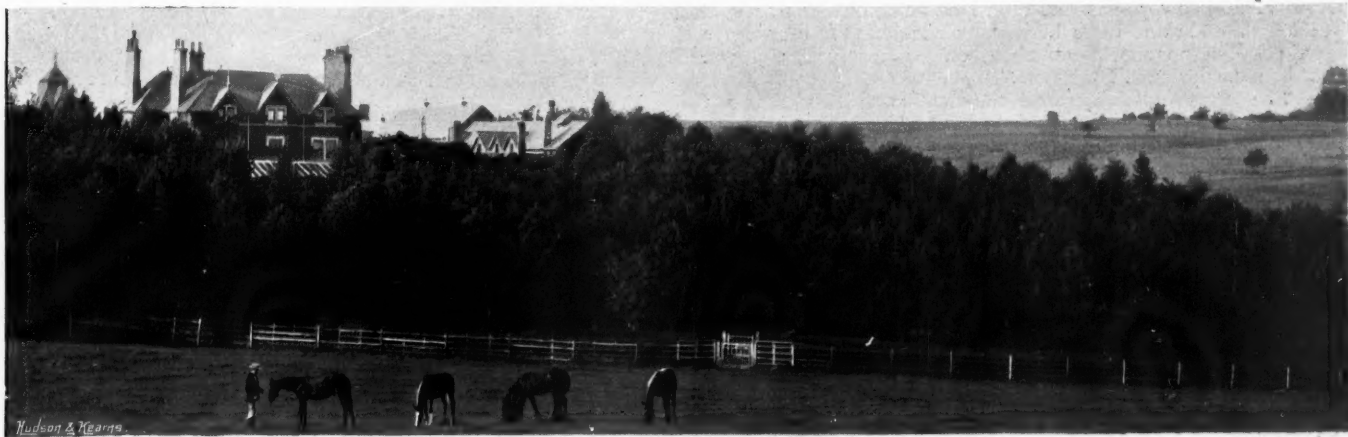
In 1885 Rolfe was engaged as private trainer and jockey to Vicomte de Tredern who raced in conjunction with the Marquis de Bouthillier. M. Lupin's stable was in fine form that year, and *Xantrailles*, who would most assuredly have won the French Derby and most probably the *Grand Prix*, was sent over to England to keep his Epsom engagement, leaving the coast clear for *Reluisant*, who enabled Rolfe to win his first Derby

and throw in for the Grand Prix, where he was beaten by Paradox.

In 1886 he was identified with most of the successes of Pythagoras, and still maintaining his position in the first flight of professionals, he rode Upas, the sire of Omnium II., a winner in the Prix Gladiateur. He was the winner of the same race the two following years, riding the mare Ténébreuse, who won the Cesarewitch in 1888.

In 1889 he headed the list of winning jockeys, and he put

the finishing touch to a successful career by winning the Grand Prix on Vasistas. Possibly the best horse he has ever had in training is Omnium II. with whom he has won the Derby and the Prix du Conseil Municipal, the latter event having been secured by him twice. Some say that Rolfe will in future confine his efforts to training, but as Omnium II. is still as sound as the proverbial bell of brass, and remains in training, it is possible that his trainer may again be seen in the saddle when racing recommences on the flat at Lincoln.



THE CORINTHIAN HANDICAP.

YOUR regular racegoer is familiar enough with the skyblue jacket, black collar, cuffs and cap, that constitute Captain "Teddy" Newstead's racing colours. The latest recruits to the army of sportsmen, however, may not remember the time when this jacket was registered as belonging to "Mr. Retford," and I fancy but few of the old hands know how it came about that the colours and the smart little stud that bore them so triumphantly a few years back changed, nominal, ownership.

Before "Mr. Retford" married, she was known as Miss Violet Grey, the young, beautiful and sweet-tempered pet of a wide circle of acquaintances. Most people were astounded when Miss Grey suddenly married old Thurkell, the distiller, more especially as it had been generally decided by her friends that she and "Teddy" Newstead—he was only a poor subaltern in those days—were meditating running in double harness. Suffice it to say that the elderly distiller's money had made a serious impression on Grey Pater, and the hackneyed story of a girl sacrificing herself to her parent's singular wish was again repeated.

Thurkell made a big fortune out of a whisky, a special brand manufactured for export only, which had a deservedly high reputation amongst missionaries and Colonial prospectors.

"Talk of the civilising effects of bayonets," Thurkell would say, "they're not in it with my whisky. It does its work cleaner and is twice as deadly. And then look at its cheapness."

Having amassed his pile and married the beauty of the season, Mr. Thurkell at once launched forth into the great world, and as a stepping stone to a higher stratum, bought a racing stable, horses, trainer, and all accessories complete. Mrs. Thurkell having, from babyhood, been acquainted with horse-flesh and sport, took far more interest in this establishment than did her lord and master, whose thoughts and inclination—despite the fact that he had now "retired"—still turned fondly to his late whisky business.

Some few years elapsed, when one day Mr. Thurkell was gathered to his father—I cannot write ancestors, for he had none—and his widow reigned in his stead. The only outward change in the stable was that of colours, for the late owner possessing a somewhat crude and florid taste, had adopted a jacket which was startlingly like an especially fine rainbow; so exchanging this Joseph's coat for the more quiet and tasteful livery already mentioned, and taking up the name of "Mr. Retford," Mrs. Thurkell continued to race even more successfully than the deceased had done, though the cute old fellow had had quite his share of good luck in his day.

"Teddy" Newstead, when Violet had married, went abroad, taking a staff appointment with some nigger policemen, and

nursed his disappointment and earned glory in the usual manner. Soon after Mr. Thurkell's departure from the scene, Newstead, now a captain, was allowed long leave, and came home with a decoration and prospects. I regret to be compelled to state that he did not seek out his early love and marry her off-hand, but having allowed time to work its usual cure, he met his late sweetheart very unconcernedly, and immediately fell madly in love with a dashing young lady known as Miss Harborough, a mighty huntress, who was surrounded by a devoted court of young officers and men about town.

Violet had never forgotten her boy sweetheart, and we may presume felt considerably hurt at his defection, but she would doubtless reflect that after all it was her own fault, and she must just make the best of circumstances. I believe, however, she felt very indignant with him for falling in love with Miss Harborough, for the latter young lady was, to put it mildly, somewhat "advanced"—"not half good enough for Teddy," Mrs. Thurkell would often mentally remark. Mrs. Thurkell had her own circle of admirers also, no one of whom, however, could flatter himself that he met with any encouragement; and the most devoted member, who, by the way, was also the one she most disliked, was one Major Phillips, who commanded a Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery.

A youngster returning from a long spell of Foreign Service on prolonged leave, and with promotion and prospects, is apt to plunge somewhat deeply into the dangerous vortex of excitement, more especially when such youngster is lionised and courted by a wide and somewhat fast circle of friends. Captain Newstead was not an exception. Hunting, shooting, and the usual round in town occupied his winter at home, and spring found him very often visiting Tattersall's Ring at the principal meetings. To cut a long tale short, fortune did not favour him. He lost heavily and continuously. Then he plunged. Finally people began to talk about him, some commiserating his hard lines, others, especially dear friends, terming him a Fool with a capital F. This sort of conversation reached Miss Harborough—to whom he was now formally engaged—and the young lady, naturally enough, was not pleased. She demanded an interview, which was lengthy and stormy, and finally she announced her intention of breaking the engagement, unless Teddy immediately ceased his wild speculation. But Captain Newstead was too deeply involved to be able to withdraw. He was forced to go on willy-nilly, and either by some lucky coup extricate his fallen fortunes, or go the irretrievable "mucker," and retire gracefully to his nigger policemen again. He was very sad, for he was devoted to Miss Harborough, little thinking that the young lady in question did not care a straw about him, but was much smitten

with Major Phillips, and only too pleased at the prospect of finding a loophole of escape from her engagement.

It chanced that one afternoon at Kempton Park a way out of his difficulties was suddenly placed before the young soldier. Mr. Screne, a well known and shrewd owner, made a proposal to Newstead that raised him from his slough of Despond to the pinnacle of Hope.

The proposition was that Newstead should ride a horse in the Corinthian Welter at Rockbridge, and in return for this service—for Newstead's ability as a gentleman rider was highly esteemed—Mr. Screne disclosed the fact that this race was a gift for his horse Hidalgo.

"You can back him with confidence to win you a fortune," said Screne. "Mrs. Thurkell's Jacobite is the only one I fear, and she told me personally she does not intend starting him. Now we all know you are hard hit, Newstead, but you can get it all back, and some more besides, over mine. We shall get a good price, as no one knows about ours, except you, and you will be secret enough, I presume."

The details given decided the captain that here was a chance indeed—one good enough to have a dash on. Goodness only knew he was badly in want of a retriever, and it did not often fall to the lot of a man in a hole to have such a strong helping hand, as this seemed on the face of it to be, to help him out. No one knew anything about Hidalgo. He had run three times, and had run—for all the turf world knew—very badly.

Yes, it *was* a chance, and he jumped at it.

When Screne left him it was finally arranged that Newstead should ride Hidalgo at the ensuing Rockbridge meeting.

As he walked across the lawn he met Mrs. Thurkell, who greeted him with her usual friendliness, and being in high spirits and a communicative mood he unfolded to her all his plans, his late doubts and fears.

She listened attentively, making little comment, only remarking when he ceased: "I do not like these desperate remedies, Captain Newstead, but in your case I see, or presume, this step is necessary. Are you confident Hidalgo will win, and at a price sufficiently long for you to recoup your losses?"

A sudden inspiration moved the young man, "You do not intend to start Jacobite?" he asked her.

"No," she replied, "I certainly had decided that I would not. I think he would win though, if I did."

"If," said the soldier, somewhat hesitatingly, "If you did start him just for an airing, the odds against Hidalgo would be very much increased." He had not looked at her as he made the suggestion.

"I remember the time when Teddy Newstead would never even have *thought* of such an—expedient," she answered hotly, "when he would not have insinuated it to *me*, at any rate. This comes of heavy betting—I am to run my horse to rob the public." He made a gesture of dissent, but she continued, "However, I do not altogether condemn you. Honourable stables do the same thing I know"—there was a fine inflection of scorn on the adjective—"and I am quite aware what financial straits mean." There was a long pause, and then she said quietly, "I will help you."

Major Phillips was a member of the Rockbridge Club, and his name was up against Jacobite's number for the Corinthian Welter. He told all his friends to back his mount; he was certain to win. Captain Newstead, who had weighed out for Hidalgo, laughed in his sleeve as he heard this advice, and at

the same time was disgusted with the Major's duplicity as he imagined the expression of confidence of the latter to be. The Captain, by the way, felt a sense of jealousy that he was at a loss to account for, when he learnt that the Major was to ride "Mr. Retford's" candidate. Had the Captain been present at a conference that had occurred the previous day, between Mrs. Thurkell, Major Phillips, and Bowman, the trainer of Jacobite, he might have been somewhat mystified. Bowman had said "We can win easily enough, Major, if Mrs. Thurkell wishes," and that lady had replied, "Of course I mean to win, and so does Major Phillips, Bowman." There was a good field of some ten or twelve runners, in which the talent, very naturally, made "Mr. Retford's" horse a hot favourite. On form the race was a gift for Jacobite. Threes were all eagerly snapped up, and at the fall of the flag five to two was only grudgingly offered.

Hidalgo was hardly touched, twenties being shouted in vain. All the same a big starting-price commission was being worked for him in town, and at the leading clubs in the Midlands and North.

The race itself requires little description. The result proved that no mistake had been made, either by backers or by the owner of Hidalgo. The favourite and the latter were the only two ever in the hunt, and finally Jacobite won somewhat easily. Mr. Screne swore fervently, and vowed he would never trust a woman again. He had dropped a big sum. Captain Newstead did not swear.

It was altogether too bad for that. He was amazed at finding that after what Mrs. Thurkell had said to him, her horse had been brought out fit as a fiddle to utterly confound his carefully prepared *coup*. Sick at heart moreover he was in good sooth, for this was "the knock" and no mistake, and there was little doubt in his mind that his *fiancée* would soon send him about his business now that this, the final catastrophe had taken place. For it was a catastrophe, and a final one. A real dead settler.

He was literally and irretrievably ruined. He could not by any possibility settle. Well, it meant a speedy return to the niggers, and more glory.

Quick as these thoughts crowded through his brain, and wretched as his state of mind in consequence became, he nevertheless returned to the padlock with as calm and unruffled a countenance as he ever bore on any one of the brightest days of his career.

Miss Harborough greeted the winning rider effusively, but the Major, all anxiety to congratulate "Mr. Retford," paid scant heed to her appreciative compliments. "Mr. Retford," for her part, was anxious to see Captain Newstead, and met him shortly after the race, just as the wretched lad, having received his *congé* from Miss Harborough, was departing for the station, solitary and heartbroken.

It is not necessary to give a detailed account of the interview. Let it suffice to say that Teddy did not, after all, go out again in a few days to his nigger policemen as he had intended. The name of "Mr. Retford" no longer figures in the *Calendar* as an owner of racehorses, but the colours formerly associated with that name are now registered as belonging to her husband, Captain Newstead. His friends say that he is, as he appears to be, very happy. He does not bet now.

Widows are, as a rule, smart, and when they possess large fortunes as well as tact, can arrange things on this earth pretty much as they like.

GEO. H. RAYNER.



WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.—II.

AT the beginning of 1878 a sore trouble came upon the hunt. Rabies broke out in the kennels, and between February and May, six and a half couples had either died or been killed. Mr. Bissett, therefore, set to work to form a new pack, and by the commencement of the stag-hunting season had got together some 17 couples, of whom 10½ were old hounds, either for fox or carted deer. The new pack, however, took some licking into shape, as they betrayed an unmistakable fondness for Exmoor mutton; and it was bad for the sheep who crossed the line of the deer when hounds were running. The whole of the old or "mad" pack had been destroyed by the commencement of 1879, and by the time staghunting commenced again the new pack had learnt to leave "the little 'arned ship" (as the locals call the Exmoor fleecy one) alone.

Nevertheless, on the occasion of the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, August 22nd, in the year above mentioned, the precaution was taken to "drive in" the sheep off the moors.

At an early hour on the morning of the meet the writer, as he wended his way from Exeford to Hawkcombe Head, saw thousands of sheep being "rounded up," in case of accidents; and it was a wise precaution.

The Prince was staying with Colonel Luttrell, at Dunster Castle, which, with most of the surrounding property, has been in the Luttrell family since the Conquest, and is one of the few fortified private residences left in England. The little village of Dunster is replete with ancient buildings and monuments, and hard by the "Luttrell Arms" Hotel—a favourite habitation of

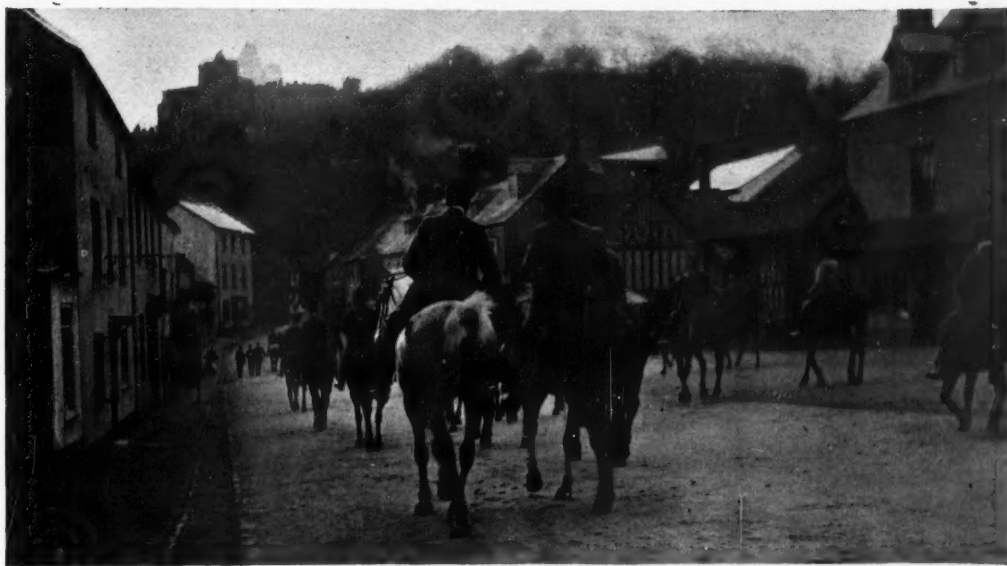


Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

DUNSTER.

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the stag-hunter—is the Butter Market, a building of great antiquity.

Such a concourse as was assembled on Hawkcombe Head, was never seen on Exmoor before or since. In addition to some 5,000 horsemen and horsewomen (many of whom were evidently in the saddle for the first time) there were vehicles of all sorts, from the well-appointed coach to the rustic waggon, profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens. In fact, there must have been at least 20,000 people present, many of whom had come from great distances, and it seemed hopeless to expect any hunting with such a mob. Whilst "tufting" was going on in Lord Lovelace's coverts, the "big picnic" was in full swing, and the locals had a very near view of the Heir to the Crown, as he sat, with his party on the



Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

COMING DOWN THE STREET.

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heather, and lunched. All sorts and conditions of deer were set on foot in the thick under-growth below, with no sign of a "warrantable" gentleman; so luncheon over, it was decided to call off the tufters, and proceed to Mr. Nicholas Snow's deer-park, overhanging Badgworthy Water, on the other side of Culbone stables. The "tip" was given to a select few, and the crowd knew nothing of the change until hounds had got on the line of a fine stag, and we were galloping as hard as blood could carry us, in the direction of Lynmouth. Mr. Chorley, the father of the Hunt, and master of the Quarme Harriers, was the Prince's pilot, and right well H.R.H. was going when the stag doubled back over pretty nearly the same line, and was eventually killed in Badgworthy water, close to where hounds got on to him originally. Arthur Heale, the then huntsman, handed his knife to the Prince, who performed the final obsequies of the gallant beast. Mr. Bissett, the master, was not out that day; being detained in Scotland by the death of his father, so Mr. Sam Warren, the Secretary of the Hunt, was in command.

That Christmas the old trouble returned, and rabies broke out in the new pack. Four hounds were destroyed, and the rest were separated. During January and February they were regularly exercised in muzzles, occasionally running a crippled deer, of which there was an unusual number that winter. On one day a herd of hinds passed just in front of hounds whilst exercising close to Hawkcombe Head, and the whole pack broke away in different directions, finally killing two hinds (in spite of the muzzles) at Blackford and Horner, and being with difficulty prevented from killing two more.

The streams were in flood, and the muzzles did not prevent hounds from drowning their deer when they brought them to the water dead beat. On the same day *over one hundred deer* were counted on the hills between Stoke Pero and Porlock Commons.

Rabies was soon afterwards effectually stamped out, and the season of '80-'81 was the longest and best on record. Although interrupted by the memorable snowstorm of the 18th January, 1881, there were in all 91 hunting days (from August 3rd, 1880 to April 6th, 1881) on which 75 deer were killed—14 stags, 44 hinds, and 17 young deer, male and female.

Lord Ebrington succeeded Mr. Bissett as master in 1881, and during his reign there was a ridiculous outcry against the killing of so many deer, the fact being that bar disease and poaching, in an average season not enough are killed to satisfy the cultivators of the soil, to whom our friend the stag comes by no means as a "blessing." But during the present generation, at all events, there is not likely to be any dearth of "warrantables" in this glorious country.

Hind hunting, which commences at the end of October, will be treated of in a third article to appear next week. In the meanwhile it may be well to consider a few points in this wild stag hunting. In the first place it may be laid down as a principle that the better bred your horse the better sport you will have; it being quite a mistake to suppose that all the fun of the run can be seen from the back of a pony. Secondly, do not let the newcomer be frightened by travellers' tales of bogs, or "gulfs."



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NEAR CULBONE.

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HAWKCOMBE HEAD.

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Compared with Dartmoor, Exmoor is absolutely safe in this respect. Certainly there is marshy land at the bottom of the combs, but you can always detect it by the bright green colour of the grass, and by the presence of the white bog flower.

Should your horse flounder, get clear of him, and when he has got his wind he will struggle out by himself, very little the worse. The real dangers on Exmoor are the grips and cart ruts. Wherever there are turf heaps there must be a cart track on which the turf may be drawn. In wet weather a cart soon makes two deep ruts, and has to be taken on a parallel track next time. Result, ten or a dozen ruts running parallel to each other, four or five feet apart. In the summer the heather grows luxuriantly over the newly-turned soil and hides these ruts, which will soon bring the horse and his rider to grief.

The male of the red deer is called, for general purposes, a stag; the female a hind; the young a calf; being thus distinguished from those of the fallow and roe deer, which are termed buck, doe, and fawn respectively. The word "hart," which occurs in books, from Holy Writ downwards, is never heard in the West Country. And the colour of deer gets darker with age.

The old West Country theory of the growth of the

horns is as follows: Until he is a year old the male deer has no horns. In his second year he has a knob of bone about two inches in height, thrown out on each side of the head. At three he has an upright horn from six to eight inches long, with the "brow" antler. At four he has a horn about fourteen inches long, with "brow" and "tray" antlers. At five years old the "bay" antler is added to his "points," but not always, as in some stags it never appears, whilst in others it is developed on one horn only. At six, the stag has its "rights" and two atop of each; at eight he has, or should have, three atop of each. After eight the alteration in the horn becomes less marked, but it gets wider in its spread and gnarled on the surface. It sometimes happens that after a stag has passed his prime the horns decrease in size and form. He is then called a "bater," or a "backer."

The stag's horns are hardly arrived at perfection when the time comes for using them. About the beginning of October the stags' necks begin to swell, the animals become restless and savage, they bellow continuously, and soil—i.e., go to water—in every stream they see, for the "rutting" season has commenced. If hinds be plentiful each stag has a voluntary following; but, if scarce, then comes the tug of war! It is said that one-horned stags have the advantage over their fully-equipped brethren, presumably because the "singletons" can get under the guard of the others. The way in which a stag advances towards an intruder before coming to the charge—on tiptoe, with nose in air, and snorting fiercely—is a grand sight. It is worthy of notice that in the rutting season stags entirely desert their accustomed coverts and crowd into others. If a stag and a hind be reported together in some remote wood by themselves, it may be known for certain that the stag (at all events), is a young one.

After about a fortnight, the stags are worn out by the incessant watching and fighting, and soon after the end of the season, they herd together again, lean, ragged in coat, and "tucked-up." Take it altogether, the antlered monarch's life is not a happy one, for no sooner is one trouble past than another is on him. During the summer, his horns are growing, and keep him in constant irritation. The velvet is hardly shed when the fear of the hunting season is on them. Then there is the hard winter to be



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ON DUNKERRY.

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Photo. by H. M. Lomas.

IN BADGWORTHY WATER.

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got through, and with the return of spring returns also the shedding of the old horns and the growing of the new. In fact, it is only for a few weeks in each year that the monarch is his perfect self, and those weeks, from August to the middle of October, constitute what is called the stag hunting season. E. S.



COUNTRY HOMES: CHARLECOTE.—I.



THE HALL FROM THE TERRACE

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AMONG the stately houses which have come down from the sounding times of Elizabeth not many retain their old character so well as dear old Charlecote. Historic Warwick but a few miles away, Stratford almost within cry, the whole Shakespeare country spread about—the house of Mr. Justice Shallow is still a chief gem of the great Midland shire. Charlecote has a double fascination. It has the charm of mellow brickwork, of many-windowed walls, picturesque grouping, gables and chimney-stacks about which the pigeons coo, of quaint old gardens, of undulating park land—far spreading but diversified by groups of venerable trees, whose lofty tops are black in the winter-time with the nests of the rooks—and through which the winding Avon gently glides along. Fortunate indeed it is that the family of Lucy has cherished with rare devotion their ancient heritage.

You cannot see these red and fallow deer bounding across the sward without thinking of Shakespeare and the famed or fabulous poaching there. For Charlecote has the supreme charm of being bound up with our greatest literature. We cannot unravel all the circumstances. Whether—woeful thought!—our Swan of Avon was a common poacher, who was hauled up before the justice on the report of his misdeeds, or whether the feud of religion was at the bottom of the quarrel none can definitely say. Certain it is—whether Shakespeare did or did not anger the Knight by lampooning him on his very gatepost to the lusty glee of rustic friends—that he did indeed chose to parade Sir Thomas Lucy through the witty scenes of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and the second part of "Henry IV." as a pedantic coxcomb, the "cavaliero-justice" of mine host of the "Garter," the justice of the peace, *coram, cust-alorum, ratolorum* and *armigero* of the "Merry Wives."

Sir Thomas Lucy was a great man in his county, a prime favourite of his sovereign, who is said to have knighted him at Charlecote, on her way to Kenilworth. He was moreover a commissioner of recusants, who entered John Shakespeare on his list of the prescribed in 1592. They were stubborn people those Shakespeares, men with backbones in them. One followed Jack Cade; another was excommunicated in 1582 as an unseemly person who did not wear "cappes on Sundayes and hollydayes of the Church"—"*Shagspere est contumax*;" a third was often at difference with the authorities. John Shakespeare, too, was in trouble with the law, and William, having been stage-struck when he saw the players in that quaint old guild-room at Stratford, fled away to his player friends. Sir Thomas Lucy was not the man to brook defiance of the law on the part of his neighbours. It was for him to maintain the honour, and pursue the purposes of the Crown, and the Shakespeares must submit, or, perforce, go elsewhere. So it fell, that it was from Charlecote that the power went forth which drove Shakespeare away to fill the world with his melody. It is pleasant to record that, when, as a worthy burgess, he was settled down at Stratford in his house of New

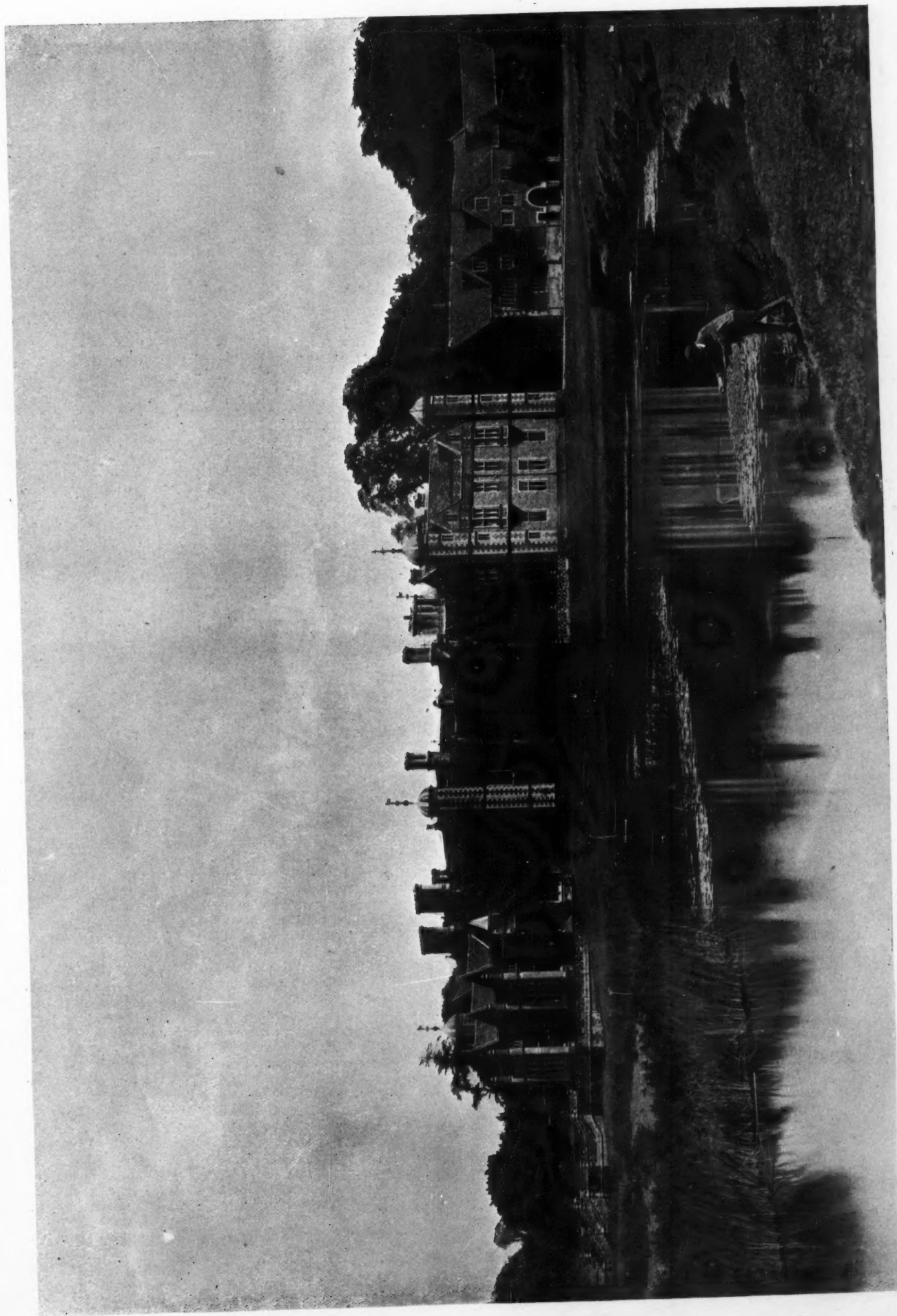
Place, just opposite to the quaint porch of the Guild Chapel, he became an honoured guest at Charlecote, in the hall where years before his youthful practices had been condemned.

It is said that the new house of Charlecote was barely finished when Elizabeth rode through its stately gatehouse. She was flattered, we are told, that her loyal subject had done equal honour to her and his ancient lineage by building the mansion on the plan of a huge letter E. So you may see it at the present day. The descendants of the knight have preserved it with jealous care, and every change that has been made necessary has been carried out with perfect taste and in exact correspondence with the style of the house. The most important alterations made since Sir Thomas Lucy's days was the addition of a wing, containing a library and dining room, by Mr. George Lucy, in 1883, which adds to the extent and stateliness of the place.

Charlecote is approached through a very remarkable ivy-grown gate-house of brick, with stone dressings. It is in two stories and a beautiful oriel window is over the arch, which has a mullioned window on each side of it, and is further flanked by octagonal turrets, crowned with cupolas and vanes. A very characteristic perforated cresting runs along the top of the gate-house, and is found also as a chief ornament of the mansion itself. Beyond the gate lies the enclosed garden, flanked by moss-grown walls, which are beautifully worked, and the space is laid out in trim, quaint beds, such as were loved by our forefathers in the days of James and Anne, and are still preserved unchanged in some Warwickshire gardens, as at Stoneleigh and elsewhere. The house is entered through a very beautiful porch, with double pilasters, corbelled pillars above, the royal arms, and a mullioned window over the door. This is the middle line of the E. It is not exactly in the middle, however, for the lofty window of the hall on the right, has demanded a worthy place. There are three gables on this front, and the wings which run out on either hand present gables to the inner place. At the angles of the house rise characteristic turrets and cupolas, like those which John of Padua is traditionally said to have added to the gate-house. On every side these bold gables and fine chimney-stacks, lift their tops, with turrets and noble windows. There are terraces and beautiful balustrades, with urns at the angles, and a great flight of steps leading down to the river. Groups of cedars and elms are near, and add their green charm to the mellow red brick and white stone dressings of the house.

Such a place as Charlecote is not to be disposed of in the space available in one week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE, so that for to-day, the foregoing brief description of the exterior must suffice, leaving until next week further notes on the many other features of interest that this beautiful country home affords.

JOHN LEYLAND.



COUNTRY HOMES; CHARLECOTE FROM THE PARK.



"HOW could there be a name after all these years—it's impossible. But feel the club, handle it; they don't make such things nowadays."

The impetuosity of youth is a charming trait to observe. If one is not allowed to think that one's geese are swans while one is an undergraduate, at what period of life can one hope for that pleasing illusion?

"I remember reading in some golf book or other," said the

parson, "that the best recipe of making an 'old Philp' was a mixture of soot and varnish."

"It was a profane man, a scoffer, that wrote that, Mr. Ellicott. He dismisses the baffy altogether with the remark that only those use it who cannot play the iron. But it's my belief that the baffy's going to come in again, and what I should like to see is the day on which I catch the author of those remarks playing with a baffy."

"Have you seen Lord Wemyss' new club, the Unionist?" Colonel Burscough asked.

"No. What's it like?"

"It's a baffy, practically, with a round sole. The idea is that you cannot cut the turf with it. That's the notion of the name—that you don't rend Great Britain in pieces with it as you do with the Separatist iron."

"It wants explanation; but I don't like to see politics introduced into golf," said the parson, who was a man of peace. "Even the House of Commons seems to recognise that golf is outside the sphere of party politics. They never have a match of Conservatives against Radicals."

"Do you observe, my dear sir," the professor asked, *a propos of soi disant* "Hugh Philp," "how much heavier and more brutal, if I may be allowed the expression, are the clubs of to-day? They are bigger, stronger, altogether more solid. Do you not find them so?"

"Yes, but shorter in the head—rounder."

"Certainly, my dear sir, with the weight massed more directly behind the ball. On the same principle we have our hog-backed iron clubs, with the blade convex behind the ball."

"Hog-backit, bull-neckit, bandy-leggit," quoth Robert to himself in soliloquy.

"I beg your pardon?" said the professor courteously.

"I was only thinking of the description of some golfer's appearance which the caddie at Preswick gave to an enquirer who asked how he should identify the person he was looking for. The caddie described him as a 'hog-backit, bull-neckit, bandy-leggit chiel, and shapes fine for a gowfer.'"

"Excellent, excellent," said the parson, laughing heartily.

"And about as old as the Himalayas," the Colonel growled.

"Then it's high time Mr. Ellicott heard it," said Robert, unabashed. "Do you think the description applies to the modern golf club, Mr. Flegg?"

"Very fairly aptly, my dear sir," said the professor, "especially since our best players are beginning to shorten all their driving clubs. Yet they do not seem to be losing their length of driving."



"Is it a fact that they are shortening then?"

"Certainly. Bernard Sayers began it. He found Major Kinloch beating him with four strokes, and driving better than he liked with very short clubs. So Bernard Sayers shortened his—and that just at the time that they were lengthening the North Berwick course, where Sayers habitually plays. With such a good man setting the example it is no wonder many have followed it."

Colonel Burscough looked up from a sheet of paper on which he had been busily figuring for a minute or two: "I have just been putting down," he said, "what I believe I ought to do the Little Bedlington round in. It is quite absurd. I tell you I have never yet played my game; I have been playing golf for nine years and a half now, and I assure you on my word of honour I have never yet played what I consider to be my proper game."

A certain tendency to laughter at this observation was quickly checked, as we observed the rising colour of Colonel Burscough's nose, which served us as a kind of barometer, informing us when a storm within might be expected to develop dangerous symptoms.

"I assure you I am speaking quite seriously," he asserted.

"Then how, my dear sir, if I may ask," said the professor, "do you arrive at that standard of excellence that you are pleased to call your game?"

"I arrive at it, sir, like this," said Colonel Burscough, slapping the paper with angry emphasis. "I put down what I ought to do every hole in, not giving myself a single stroke that is beyond my power of accomplishment, and only counting myself in in three when I am within reach of the hole with some iron club. Surely that is not extravagant."

"And what do you bring yourself round in?"

"Eighty-four," said the colonel triumphantly.

"Eighty-four! And Bogey's eighty-two. By Jove, uncle, you ought to be a scratch player," young Robert commented.

"I believe I ought, sir. Upon my word I believe I ought, if only I could play my game."

"If only we could all play our after-dinner game, my dear old friend," said the professor laughing pleasantly, "I fancy we should all be very nearly scratch. Good night to all. I am going to dream about it now, and in my dreams I find I can always go round in marvellously few, or else I spend the whole night in a bunker. There is no medium."

"Depend on it," said the colonel, laughing in his turn, "as I told you, it's the dinner that makes all the difference."

"Talking of clubs," said Bob, when the professor had retired, "Have you seen old Flegg's Belgian club? There's one at the Wimbledon Club House. Mr. Andrew Lang gave it to them."

Mr. Ellicott had not seen it, and enquired what it was like.

"It's like a cross between a niblick and a poleaxe. Zola says that the Belgians drive a boxwood ball four hundred yards with it. Rolland has tried it with a Silvertown, that flies a deal better than a boxwood ball, and he can only get about eighty yards with it. So what are we to suppose—that the 'Belges' are very 'braves,' or that Monsieur Zola is a —."

"Realist," the parson interrupted. "Not," he added very hastily, "that I ever read him."

"It," Bob resumed, referring to the Belgian club, "has a very short stiff shaft; but its head has some primitive resemblance to something between a stonebreaker's hammer and a Fairlie mashie. I think they must have used it for playing on the ice, like the old fellows one sees on the Dutch tiles, or in pictures by some of the old Dutch masters."

"Which would explain the ball going four hundred yards."

"Yes, but it would not explain why it should stop at four hundred. It's always been one of my troubles to understand, about this game that they played on the ice, how they ever got the ball to stop near the hole or peg. If there was the least little bit of wind blowing one does not see how it should ever stop, and as a matter of fact it doesn't, on the ice—I've tried."

"Perhaps the box-wood ball may have something to do with it."

"Perhaps it may, though I don't believe it, for it certainly won't fly. I got one made in the South of France, where they play a queer sort of cross between golf and croquet with a box-wood ball. It was beautifully made, the same weight as gutta, and hammered perfectly. It looked beautiful, but it wouldn't fly much more than a pat of butter."

"And was it as hard as gutta-percha?"

"Harder. That is what was the matter with it, I expect. I fancy it was too hard."

"Did you try it off iron or wood?"

"Both; and it went just the same, just as badly off one as off the other. It was no manner of use at all, and that was the end of it."

"It's gutta-percha that makes golf the popular game it is," said the parson, "No doubt of that, I think."

"Right you are, Sir," said Colonel Burscough, "Its gutta that's done it. Gutta's made the game cheap, and that's only another way of saying popular. Why, bless my soul, in the old days a ball cost four shillings, and if you caught it a good crack on the head with the iron the feathers came out, and bang went four bob. It would make one mighty careful how one hit a ball on the head, wouldn't it?"

"And make one very careful that one didn't drive off the course, for whins at St. Andrew's were whins in those days, as the old fogies are never tired of telling us, and it was long odds that you lost your four shilling's worth. Perhaps that's why they were so much more particular then about the 'sure' in comparison with the 'far' than we are. You had to make very sure that you didn't lose four bob, particularly if you were a Scotsman."

"And perhaps that's why they were so fond of the 'baffy' too. It didn't 'separate,' as Lord Wemyss would say, the ball so much."

"It's a reason, no doubt."

"But what do you think about all this difference in the courses that we hear so much about? Do you really believe that St. Andrews has got such a deal easier than it used to be?"

"Easier! God bless my soul, parson, why look at the scores men make to-day!"

"But look at the scores they make at cricket; look at the breaks they make at billiards. It's extraordinary how every game's improved. May not the improvement in golf be something of the same sort?"

"Rubbish, parson! Rubbish," said the colonel irreverently, "Someone's been 'throwing dust in your eyes.' It isn't altogether because men play better (though, of course, they have improved, through more men giving more time to games) that the scores at cricket and the breaks at billiards have increased; but look at the improvement in the implements—the tables, the cushions, and the dodge of chalking the cue, which makes side and screw possible—look at the improvement in the wickets—truer than the old billiard tables, by gad. Look at all those points, and then tell me whether you think its all your evolution of hand and eye, or what the deuce it is, that makes the scores bigger at both games."

Colonel Burscough had the common weakness of inflaming his temper and increasing his emphasis in a geometrical ratio the longer he talked. It was with gratitude, therefore, that we heard him pause.

(To be continued.)

ON THE GREEN.

News is to hand of the decision of the contest for the amateur championship of India. The result of the tournament, decided on a course of fifty-four holes, was that Mr. Murray, last year's winner, retained the title. The runner up this year was Mr. Stuart, once captain of the Oxford University team. Last year the second to Mr. Murray was Mr. Frank Simson, formerly, if we mistake not, a medal holder of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews.

It is the common boast of golfers that their game is superior to all circumstances of wind and weather, but the second day of the present year was too much for them. It was a Saturday, too, when many competitions were on



FAULTLESS IN APPROACHES.

the card for settlement, but in the neighbourhood of the metropolis the fog was so dense that golf was really out of the question. Red balls, for some, are a familiar device. It remains only for some enterprising spirit to paint balls with luminous paint, for use in a fog, and then at length we shall fairly be able to say that we can defy even the most abnormal eccentricities of our climate. Failing this latest resource of golfing civilization, a large number of competitions had to be postponed.

☛ Mercifully fog, in its aggravated form, is the one brave privilege of the metropolitan area. Further afield the competitions were not interfered with. At Rye the monthly medal was taken by Mr. H. Waldron, with 16 allowed, and nett 82, followed by Mr. W. Beasley, with nett 85, and 17 allowed. The lowest nett score was an 84 by Mr. H. S. Colt, but a penalty handicap of 2 raised his nett return to 86, at which he tied with Mr. E. W. Hansell, whose allowance was 17. Mr. Braybrooke, so often a winner at Ashdown Forest, was next, with gross 88, and penalty handicap of one.

The members of the West Lancashire Club held their New Year's Day meeting in glorious weather, and here, too, the winner of the chief prize had a fairly liberal handicap. This was Mr. Walter Clark with allowance of 12, and nett return of 84. The handicapping was remarkably close all down the list.

There was a tie for second place, at a stroke above Mr. Clarke's score, between Mr. J. E. Pearson and Mr. R. Goold, both receiving one stroke, handicap. Mr. T. R. Henderson, at nett and gross 86, was put behind them, his gross score tying with theirs. With the exception of these three, none of the competitors were round below 95. The greens are said to have been in first-rate order, and the course generally in fine condition.

The ladies of the Wimbledon Club inaugurated the New Year by a match between married and single, which resulted in a fairly easy win for the latter side by twenty-six holes to eleven. In foursome matches played subsequently the result was strikingly reversed, the married ladies winning by twelve holes to four. The teams numbered twelve players a side.

On the same day the ladies of Blackheath competed for their medal, under "Bogey" conditions. Mrs. Charles, with fourteen strokes allowed, won fairly easily, halving against the bogey score, whereas the next best was Miss Whyte, also with fourteen handicap, who came in two down.

For the monthly medal of the Brighton and Hove Club there was a fair field, of whom Mr. C. Cumberlege proved easily the best with his odds. With allowance of six strokes he was round in nett 76, and the best that any other player could achieve was nett 84 returned by Mr. A. C. Woolley.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES'S KENNELS.



Photo. by Gambier Bolton.

OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE KENNELS.

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Photo. by Gambier Bolton.

INTERIOR OF THE KENNELS.

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SITUATED about two and a half miles from Wolferton Station and rather over half a mile from Sandringham itself, these handsome kennels stand on high ground and a carefully selected site, with the fresh breezes from the Wash as a continual tonic for the dogs. It is therefore not surprising to hear that its "health" record is as good as that of any kennel in the country. But the very conditions which acted for the best in the selection of this site, made photography there in mid-winter an extremely difficult matter, for the sea fogs and bitter east winds tried the tempers and patience of the models—to say nothing of the artist—to a considerable extent.

A short walk through the woods, and past the Duke of York's handsome residence known as "York Cottage," brings the visitor to the entrance to the kennels, a fine row of buildings, well designed and strongly built. They consist of about fifteen houses, each with its own yard and every five having a grass plot in front, whilst at the opposite end to that shown in our illustration is a large and roomy paddock, where some of the

dogs are always to be found romping about and thoroughly enjoying themselves, the occupiers of each kennel taking their turn; besides being exercised on the roads, outside the kennels. In addition, there are separate kennels at the back of the paddock, for puppies and invalids, while there is an excellent boiling-house and store-room attached, the whole comprising about as perfect a set of buildings for the special purpose for which they are intended as can well be imagined.

Anyone who has owned a large number of dogs will at once realize the importance of the choice of a suitable kennel man, and in W. Brunsdon the Prince has not only a faithful servant and capable man for his work, but one absolutely devoted to the dogs under his charge; and it was a genuine pleasure to see the kind way in which he treated everyone of them alike, whether prize winners or not, the invalids and aged ones as well as those in good health.

Our illustration shows him in the livery worn at all times when in attendance on the Prince. It consists of a dark green coat and waistcoat, with gold buttons, bearing a suitable design, whilst round his hat is a gold cord and tassel, the whole giving an idea of serviceableness and decided smartness, especially when seen at one of the shooting parties, when it stands out in quiet contrast to the blue blouses and black hats with scarlet bands of the innumerable beaters.

In cases of slight illness amongst the dogs under his charge, Brunsdon administers whatever remedy he may think fit to use, and he is acknowledged to be very successful in his treatment; but in cases of serious illness Mr. Sewell is sent for from London, and then takes all responsibility upon himself. Brunsdon's house is in the kennel enclosure; the back of it, which is shown in the photograph, facing the kennels and yards, so that should any disturbance arise at night, he has only a few steps to go to set matters right. It may, perhaps, be of interest to point out that the clock here is thirty minutes ahead of "sun" time, this being the rule for all of the clocks at Sandringham. The drawing-room is plentifully stocked with most interesting souvenirs and photographs given by different Royalties now living or dead,

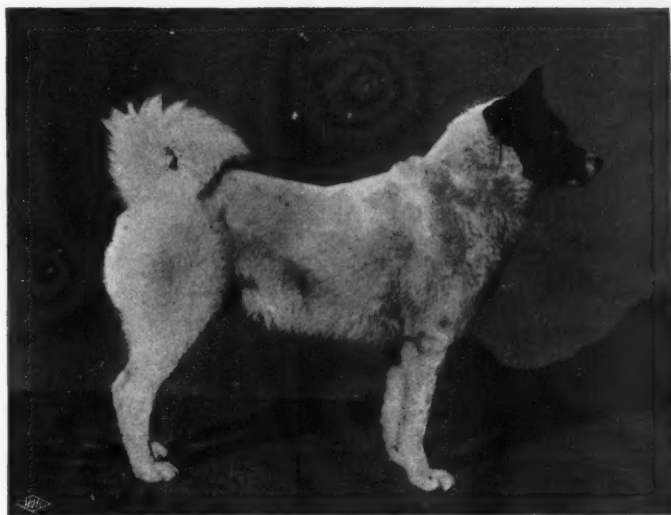


Photo. by G. Bolton.

LUSKA.

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by G. Bolton.

PERLA.

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by G. Bolton.

BEAUTY.

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by G. Bolton.

VENUS.

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many of the photographs bearing the signatures of those who have presented them as marks of their appreciation of the way in which the kennel-man carries out his by no means light duties.

At the present time about sixty to seventy dogs are under his care, the various breeds being Bassetts (rough and smooth), Collies, Great Danes, Deer Hounds, Field and Clumber Spaniels, Fox Terriers, Dachshunds, and a few foreign dogs. Most of them having been given as presents to the Prince, although many were born in the kennels, and if only some really first-class stock could be obtained from some of our largest breeders, there is no reason why the dogs of the Sandringham kennels, like the Hackneys, Shire-horses, and Cattle of the Sandringham farms, should not more often head the prize lists at our shows, and make quite an exhibition of their own for those who are afforded the privilege of a visit to these kennels to study and enjoy.

The Spaniels are quite one of the features of the place at present, and we give illustrations of some of the black Field and Clumber Spaniels. These dogs are kept for work and were used during the shooting parties at the time of our visit: they are all well trained, "cloddily" built, and excellent specimens of their breed.

Fears have been expressed that the genuine Clumber Spaniel will sooner or later die out for want of new blood. Be that as it may, of the many seen recently by the writer, few can compare for sturdiness and general fitness for work with those at the Sandringham kennels, and if any new ones are purchased it is to be hoped that they will be as good as the ones whose portraits are here given.

The rough Bassett-hounds, too, of which there are half a dozen specimens here, are very striking, as they are extremely rare in this country. "Beauty," the one selected for illustration, is quite one of the best in Great Britain, and a prize winner under good judges of the breed. Their "music" is described as wonderful by those who have seen them at work, and quite out of proportion to the size of their bodies, whilst their general shaggy and businesslike appearance reminds one of that noble

animal the true Otter-hound, now, alas! but rarely to be seen in the south, except at an occasional dog show.

As compared with the smooth Bassett-hound, the rough ones are decidedly deficient in peak and length of ear, whilst they have a tendency to shortness in the back, but these points can be improved by careful breeding, and Brunsdon is fully alive to this. By working for a bloodhound type of head and greater length of body, as he is now doing, will very soon bring the rough Bassett up to the level of excellence shown by the smooth Bassett-hounds in this country, which, under the fostering care of men such as Sir Everett Millais, Mr. George Krehl, and others, are about as perfect to-day as it is possible to imagine them.

Of the collies, dachshunds, fox-terriers, deer-hounds, and Great Danes it is not necessary to say much, as many of them are very old favourites, long past their prime, and only kept so that they may end their days in peace, amidst the comforts provided for them here. One or two of the terriers are as good as ever for work, and, when ferreting is going on in the neighbourhood, are decidedly "all there," whilst the two blue Danes are powerful, well-coloured dogs, but rather under-sized, and not quite up to the standard required by modern judges.

The two deer-hounds are tall, well-built animals, but both are decidedly aged, and it is a pity that the strain is not preserved before it is too late, as the older of the two must have been a bad one to beat a few years ago. The Dachshunds, too, require sorting out, as fresh blood is needed: the present specimens, though fair in head and type are too short in back and too light in bone—in fact, toyish.

In our last issue three notable residents of the kennels here were illustrated, the Princess's Borzoi "Ali," her Bassett "Zero," and her collie "Newmarket Tip," and it is strange to find amongst the Prince's foreign dogs two of the very best in the whole kennel. Whilst all the others mentioned, have their faults, it would be difficult for anyone to pick out a weak spot in the two sledge-dogs "Luska" and "Perla," each not only perfect in its respective breed, but also a good prize-winner at our biggest shows. LUSKA, the Siberian sledge dog, is a large, massively-built animal with the best of feet, powerful limbs, and great pulling power in the shoulder, all very important points when the work for which the breed is specially required is borne in mind. He is a brilliant white colour, and



Photo. by G. Bolton. BRUNSDON; KENNELMAN. Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by G. Bolton.

SPANIELS.

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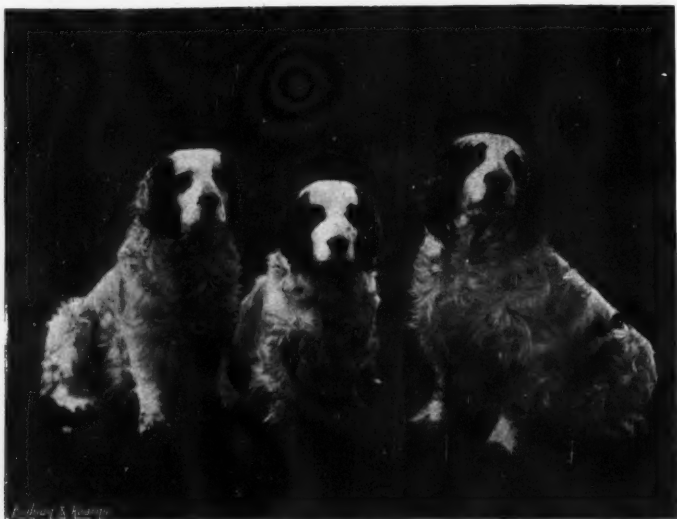


Photo. by G. Bolton.

CLUMBERS.

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his coal black head acts as an artistic contrast, although making him a very difficult subject to photograph. Unlike the majority of the sledge dogs he is most affectionate and good natured, not only to those he knows but even to strangers, and in this respect he differs entirely from the savage, ungovernable specimens of his breed so often to be seen on the show bench, where they are usually fenced in with wire work or iron bars, having large labels bearing the ominous word "Dangerous" over them.

PERLA, the Lapland sledge dog, is smaller than Luska, being the size of quite a small collie only. She too is white, but without markings, and her limbs and feet are all well fitted for her special work, although, of course, her hauling powers will not compare with those of Luska. These dogs are expected to draw 150lbs. apiece, so it is reported, and will cover twenty to thirty miles in the day, thrashed along with a thong made from sealskin, and measuring nearly twenty feet in length, and all this in a temperature fifty degrees below zero! Little wonder then that their tempers are ruined long before they reach our shores, and it only serves to show how well and carefully Luska and Perla have been handled, for their dispositions and tempers to have undergone so complete a change.

Last, but very far from least, of the Sandringham dogs comes the Prince's particular pet the Dandie Dinmont Terrier, VENUS, another really good one, as her list of prizes won will show. She belonged to the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and after his sad death was taken by the Prince as his travelling companion and special favourite, accompanying him on all his journeys, being fed by his own hand every night, and watched over and guarded in every possible way by his attendants, the couriers and valets with whom she always travels.

GAMBIER BOLTON.

The portraits of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales and her pet dogs, which appeared in the first number of COUNTRY LIFE, having been received with very generally-expressed pleasure and approbation, to complete the series we publish to-day as a frontispiece another excellent portrait of H.R.H. and her dogs, taken by Mr. Thomas Fall, of Baker Street, in the grounds at Sandringham, in which illustration it will be observed that Plumpy and Little Billee play very prominent parts.

A PROMINENT OWNER OF RACEHORSES.

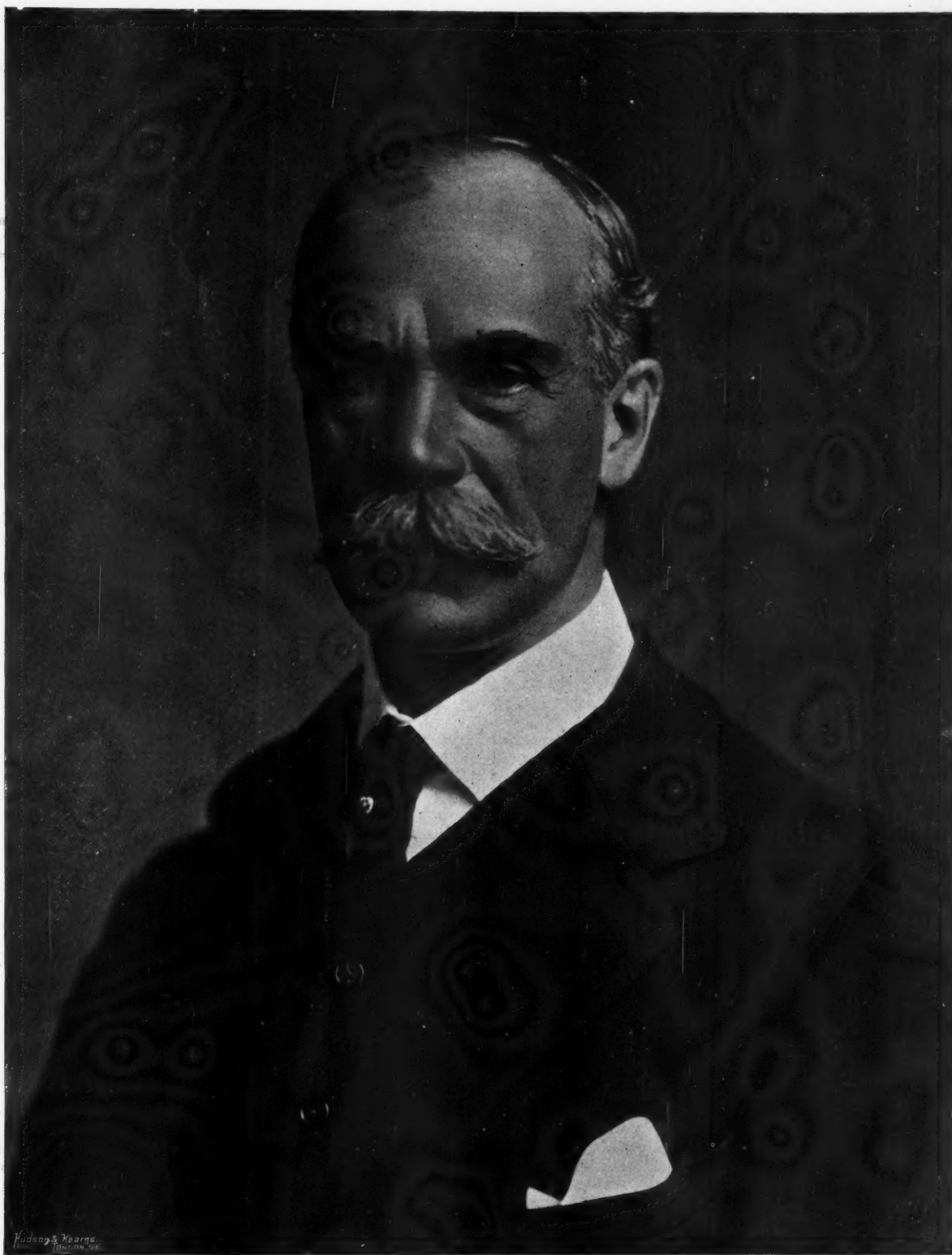


Photo. by Elliott and Fry.

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MR. C. D. ROSE.

MR. C. D. ROSE is a patron of the Turf who is well-known for his partiality for long distance racing in preference to the system of short cuts, which the last quarter of a century has seen come into such prominence in English racing.

Mr. Rose will be remembered as having made a very practical move in the encouragement of the form of racing to which he is more particularly disposed, by a generous endowment half a dozen years ago of two races run at Newmarket over long courses, to each of which he gave the sum of one thousand pounds. Mr. Rose moreover will always have the satisfaction of knowing that his two prizes were taken by one of the finest stayers that have run over the classic heath of late years in Prince Soltykoff's Sheen, a horse who, later in the season, accomplished the feat of winning the Cesarewitch under 9st. 2lb.

with the heaviest weight yet carried to victory in that time-honoured event.

Mr. Rose's registered colours—blue, black sleeves, and red cap—have been borne by several fairly good horses at times, but the only one of the classic races that has so far fallen to his share is the Two Thousand Guineas, which his comparatively moderate colt, Bonavista, won for him in the year 1892. St. Damien, another three year old of that year was also the property of Mr. C. D. Rose. Fatherless, the winner of the Great Metropolitan last year has been a useful bearer of the blue and black sleeves. Probably, however, the best animal that has as yet carried the colours, is the now three year old Melfitana, a very useful filly indeed who unfortunately has no classic engagements next season.

Mr. Rose was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1891.

WITH THE YORK & AINSTY; THE RUN OF THE SEASON.

A MORNING like April, with the thermometer registering over 50 degrees, came as a sudden change after the frost which caused the York and Ainsty to return to their kennels without hunting on the previous day. Such was the state of the weather on Wednesday, the 30th ult., when Mr. Green gave us a bye-day at Skelton to make up for the disappointment of Tuesday, when it had been rideable, though hounds' feet would have suffered considerably had they hunted. That there was a big field goes almost without saying, for there are few fixtures in greater favour with the members of the York and Ainsty than Skelton. There are plenty of coverts, foxes are generally stout and bold, and there is always plenty of occupation for man and horse if they be of the class that 'goes on.' Then the country is so fair, and moreover, so frequently carries a scent, that given plenty of foxes, it is really a sort of a foxhunters paradise.

Not much time was cut to waste, and after giving the stragglers a few minutes' grace, a move was made to the Moorlands coverts which were drawn blank. Then, saving time being the order of the day, we went the nearest way to Plainville, and the nearest way entailed a nice little "school." Plainville drawn blank, we made the best of our way to Suet Carr, where Mr. Melrose's covert—which, by the way, is very open at the bottom now—was tenantless, as was also the Low Carr. And it may be remarked that these Suet Carrs are not the best places in the world to find a fox after they have been well hunted, for they are very big woods, and there are scores of places where a fox can slip away unobserved, unless the field keeps a sharp look out.

An instance of this was given on this occasion. When Mr. Green was drawing the Hundred Acre Wood, Mr. Smith, jun. viewed a fox stealing away from the field adjacent to the covert. The whole of the field had as good a chance of seeing the fox as Mr. Smith, but he was attending to the business in hand, and to him we owe a capital run. And when Mr. Smith saw the fox, instead of holloaing lustily and perhaps setting half a dozen more to follow his example, he quietly informed Mr. Frank Green that he had seen him. The Master was telegraphed to, and hounds were brought to the line expeditiously, yet without the bustle and noise which so many people seem to think necessary when a fox is viewed away.

They stooped to the line at once, and carrying a rare head they quickly got in front of the hard-riding field, and rattled away over the big fields for Suet High Carr, to the right of which they ran. The going here was sound, but they were running for Low Roans, and as they passed White Carr Ings they came to some deep plough. As we landed over the quickset hedge there was an ominous "splosh" which told to the experienced that there was something to face in the field they had got into. It was hock deep, water squelching out of the horses' hoof-marks, and at the bottom of it was the White Carr Dyke, brimful of water, and of uncertain depths and 'soft' bottom, and in front of it a little stubby hedge, which I for one would rather have had out of the way. There was no bridge, and congratulating ourselves that the awkward place had come early in the run (or perhaps that thought came afterwards, for there was little time to think then) we rattled away at it. As far as I could see no one got a ducking, though there was one man down. Then crossing Brown Moor they ran over the road and leaving St. John's Well plantation to the left they crossed a beautiful country, pointing for Sheriff Hutton. There was a goodly proportion of grass and the fences were big and the drains wide and deep, but men stuck bravely to their work, though here and there a dirty coat told of disaster.

We were now in Lord Middleton's country and that we were for a run out of the common was evident. On, without the least slackening of pace, the flying bitches raced, crossing the Farlington and Sheriff Hutton Road about half a mile to the left of the latter village. Now we were on the famous Cornbrough pastures, grass field after grass field stretching away in front of us, as fine

a line as the most fastidious could desire to ride over. And what a fine sight it was, if only one had had time to stop and look at it, to see hounds going streaming along well in front of the leading men, with the boldest spirits in Yorkshire in the wake, each acting up to the motto "Be with them I will." After they had run for twenty-seven minutes it looked as if there was going to be a check. But check it could not be called; it was more like getting the tail hounds on to the leaders, for Mr. Green never cast them, and did not use the horn, simply cheering on his pack.

On they rattled, and now the fences began to thin the field a little, and more than one well known hard rider took an imperial crown. For the fences in this vale will not bear playing with, and after horses have been galloping for half an hour at top speed they are sometimes apt to play with them. Farlington High Covert was passed on the left hand and the village of Whenby was soon far behind. On Dalby Carr hounds hovered just for a moment, and it looked as if there had been two lines, one lot of hounds seemingly pointing backwards the way we had come. Whether there were two foxes or not it is impossible to say. Personally I thought that there were, for there were plenty of rough grass fields in which a fresh fox could have jumped up. At the same time it is quite possible that our run fox might have retraced his steps some little distance and that part of the pack might have got on his heel way. Giving his fox the credit for being enterprising, and rightly thinking that such a bold one would not be likely to turn back when so near the hills, Mr. Green went on "forrard." The whole thing was done in less time than it takes to tell it, and whether there were two foxes or not it is certain that the hounds went on with the hunted one.

Dalby Beck or Bush Beck, I scarcely know by which name it is known, was now before us, and, as usual—no bridge. It is not very wide, perhaps some eight or nine feet or so, but it was brimfull on this occasion, and the banks are rotten and the approach is bad, so that after forty minutes hard galloping it takes some doing. But the man who hesitates is lost when the York and Ainsty bitches are in front of him, and everyone who was left charged it, and only one that I heard of got in. Then in a field or two we were at the hills, and a stiff climb it was up the steep brow, which lies about a mile to the left of Terrington, and flanks were heaving and tails quivering when we got to the top. But there was no time to pause, hounds were on in front running hard through Wiganthorpe Wood, and at the road close by the main-entrance gates to Wiganthorpe Hall they turned back through the wood, the time up to this, fifty minutes and an eight mile point. Through Wiganthorpe Wood they ran—past the main earths which the fox was probably in too great a hurry and too hot to enter—and out at the west end, pointing for Dalby village. Soon swinging to the right they ran along the top of the ridge pointing for Hovingham, but making a sharp right-hand turn at Cliff Field Farm they were soon in Dalby Bush.

Here for twenty minutes hounds rattled him about, and every minute they looked like killing. But the fox had the best of it in the big wood, the rides in which were unknown to Mr. Green and his whippers-in. At last it became too hot to hold him, and he made another attempt to gain Wiganthorpe Wood, but slipping short back he ran into a plantation, where, in all probability, he found an open earth, though hounds did not mark him. The run lasted an hour and twenty minutes, the first fifty of which could not have been better, and there is little doubt but that hounds would have killed their fox had it not been for the awkward ground they got into at Wiganthorpe. Indeed, they came from good to moderate scenting ground, and when to that is added the awkward country and big woods, the roads in which were unknown, there is plenty of reason why this stout hill fox should have beaten them. Not only was it the best run the York and Ainsty have had this season, but it was the best they have had since the famous Melbourne run on Christmas Eve of 1893.

BOB ROVER.

BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

I SHALL always look back upon the winter of 1875-76, as one to be remembered for the quantity and quality of high-class young jumpers which it produced.

I need only mention the names of Chandos, Hampton, Regal, Austerlitz, Industrious, Antidote, Weathercock, Ingomar, Turco, and Whitebait, to recall memories of some very high class hurdlers, two or three great chasers, and some who, after making their mark over the "sticks," went back, all the better for the experience, to win races on the flat.

I think that the present season is the first, since then, in the which history shows any likelihood of repeating itself, and this I say because there have not been wanting signs, during the

autumn just passed, that the debutants of 1896-97 will be the best we have seen since those of 1875-76.

To begin with, there is Soliman, a five year old colt by St. Simon—Alibech, and therefore half-brother to Son o' Mine, who is by Isonomy—Alibech. He began timber-topping in public by running second to Perplex for a Maiden Hurdle Race at Hurst Park, in January last, with nine others behind him. He improved upon this the very next day by giving De Beers a five-lengths beating for the Mole Hurdle Race Plate, a performance which at once stamped him as something quite out of the common.

He next took on old Quilon, with 7lb. the worst of it at

weight for age, and naturally got beat, but a fortnight afterwards he won again at Hurst Park, in the hands of Captain Bewicke. He also took the Wickham Hurdle Race at Gatwick in March, and then going back to flat-racing for a time, ran fifth in the Cesarewitch, and won the Gatwick Handicap of a mile and a half, since which he has resumed his favourite occupation, at which I think it will be some time before we see him beaten.

In the National Hurdle Race at Gatwick, in December last, carrying 11st. 4lb., he beat the then six year old Baccarat giving him 5lb., Dusky Queen (11st. 9lb.), Spinning Boy (11st. 1lb.), and Knight of Rhodes (12st. 9lb.), with such ease that it would be difficult to say what weight would have stopped him.

For the Christmas Handicap Hurdle Race at Kempton Park he was burdened with 12st. 7lb., but although he had to give a lot of weight away to such as Harold (11st. 8lb.), Cestus (11st. 2lb.), I. O. U. (10st. 8lb.), and Spinning Boy (11st. 2lb.), it failed to stop him, and he won again in a canter; whilst at Manchester, on the second of this month, he found no difficulty in giving 11lb. to the useful Kale, and 2st. all but 2lb. to the recent winner Thorax, both of the same age as himself.

A beautifully bred colt is the four year old Athcliath, by Atheling—Hasty Girl (Bendigo's dam), who is trained at Lambourne by that once famous cross country horseman Mr. "Garry" Moore. He was hardly a credit to his relatives on the flat, and perhaps did not care much about it, but he is all dash over "sticks," and the style in which he galloped away from such useful three year olds as Sam, Nassac, Merry Carlisle, and ten others, in a Maiden Hurdle Race, at Hurst Park, on the 29th of last month, stamped him as a gem of the first water.

Another good colt of the same age is the American Montauk, by Strathmore—Spinaway, who won a three year old hurdle race at Hawthorn Hill in November, another race of the same sort at Sandown Park in December, and later on in the same month the Final Hurdle Race Plate at Hurst Park.

This colt, who came over to England with the rest of Mr. Croker's horses last spring, was at one time thought to have something more than an outside chance for the Derby, but he was more or less a failure on the flat, and having passed into the possession of Mr. Sibary, he is evidently going to turn out a flyer "between the flags." That he and Athcliath are two of the best youngsters we had seen at the game for a long time is quite certain.

Amongst other promising horses of the same age, though not of the same class as the two I have just mentioned is the Irish-bred Nassac, by Kendal—Kooiur (the dam of De Beers). He was no flyer on the flat, but he ran a good horse in the Twickenham Maiden Hurdle Race at Kempton Park, last Boxing Day, where he was unlucky to suffer a neck defeat from Jack the Dandy. He did not do so well at Hurst Park, a few days afterwards it is true, but I doubt if he showed his right form that day, and I shall expect him to do better when he has learnt not to jump quite so big, though for that very reason he looks to me like being better over fences than hurdles.

San Lucar, by Doubloon—Lucia, whose portrait appeared in the last number of this paper, is another I must mention, as he wound up a singularly unsuccessful career on the flat by cantering off with a three year old hurdle race at Liverpool in November, and he may do better still the next time he runs.

Sam, by Barcaldine—Dimity, won the Winter Handicap Hurdle Race at Lingfield, and was flying at high game when he was subsequently beaten at Windsor and Hurst Park. Crystal Palace, by Prism—Strathbrock, took the Richmond Maiden Hurdle Race for three year olds, in which, with a 7lb. pull in the weights, he gave a neck beating to Ronehurst, who, at Hurst Park shortly afterwards, showed himself better than Sam, Nassac, and Merry Carlisle. The last named is a persevering colt by Kendal—Berengaria, who won a Maiden Hurdle Race at Wye early in December, and since then has been rather too ambitious in his efforts, having run fifth to Quilon in the Welbeck Handicap Hurdle Race, third to Jack the Dandy and Nassac for the Twickenham Maiden Hurdle Race at Kempton Park, which makes him out about the same horse as the latter, and third to

Athcliath and Ronehurst (at even weights) in the Maiden Hurdle Race at Hurst Park.

Among the older performers, the six year old Dusky Queen won the October Handicap Hurdle Race at Hurst Park, and ran a great race for the Grand Annual Hurdle Race at Sandown Park, when with 2lb. the worst of the weights, at weight for age, she was only beaten a short head by Golden Ring, whilst it was certainly no disgrace to her that she failed to give 9lb. to Soliman and 14lb. to Baccarat at Gatwick a few days afterwards. She is a big fine mare by Lord Gough—Weatherglass, bred in Ireland by Mr. Purefoy, and ever since I saw her at his place at Druid's Lodge last spring, I have felt sure she would some day make a good mare over hurdles or fences.

The five year old Spinning Boy by May Boy—Homespun, has shown good form whenever he has run, and will win a nice race when the handicapper gives him a chance, which he never has done as yet; whilst I.O.U. has won a steeplechase, a hurdle race, two National Hunt flat races, and a flat race under Jockey Club Rules in 1896, though, at the same time, I think he has been running a bit out of his class of late.

The five year old Kale is useful, and Idalus, of the same age, will win over hurdles or fences, before the season ends, whilst Quilon, De Beers, Golden Ring, and Anchovy, have all shown themselves worth following this season.

My readers will have gathered from these few remarks that I have formed a very high opinion indeed of Soliman, Athcliath, and Montauk, amongst this season's novices, that I think Dusky Queen a good and improving mare, and that there are several others who, in my opinion, will win races in their own class, and if I had to make a handicap of all the horses I have mentioned, I should weight them very much as follows:—

	st. lb.		st. lb.
Knight of Rhodes	- 12 0	Spinning Boy	- 9 12
Soliman	- 11 10	Idalus	- 9 7
Quilon	- 11 7	I.O.U.	- 9 0
Dusky Queen	- 11 0	Ronehurst	- 8 12
Golden Ring	- 11 0	Merry Carlisle	- 8 7
Kale	- 10 7	Sam	- 8 5
De Beers	- 10 5	Crystal Palace	- 8 5
Athcliath	- 10 5	Nassac	- 8 4
Anchovy	- 10 2	San Lucar	- 8 0
Montauk	- 10 2		

In my next article I will go through the form of the steeplechasers, though I much fear we shall not find so many useful recruits for that class of sport as for hurdling.

In connection with this subject it may be noted that a highly satisfactory entry of 73 has been obtained for the Grand National. It is, of course, of very little use to speculate on the chances of the horses engaged until the weights appear, but it would be quite safe to prophecy that at least fifty of those entered would have no earthly chance of winning with any weight whatever. There are not two per cent. of all the chasers in training who could either jump the country or stay the distance, and yet for some mysterious reason or another, a large number of those who have no pretensions to do either, are always to be found among the entries for this particular event.

Most of the old well-known names appear again, among them that of the once brilliant Cloister, though I should think it doubtful if he will ever stand training again, after his accident at Ludlow last spring. Three other Liverpool winners are down to try their luck again, The Soarer, Wild Man from Borneo, and Father O' Flynn; the Australasians Daimio, Ebor, and Norton are included; and some of the rest are Stratocracy, Ruric, Nepcote, Swanshot, and Cathal.

Alpheus is another of the young cross-country horses of promise whose name figures in the entry, and Ludgershall, a stable companion of The Soarer, has shown his ability to get four miles in public, having won the National Hunt Steeplechase last year.

UBIQUE.

HIGHLAND CATTLE IN THE FAR NORTH.

OF all breeds of cattle the Highland is admitted to be the most picturesque. To see beasts of this description, however, to advantage, they should not be visited in the cultured pastures of the lowlands, or in the parks around "The stately Homes of England" where numbers of them find their way for a season to fulfil a twofold function, viz.:—to adorn the landscape, and at the same time to improve their condition. To see them at their best the spectator must

betake himself to the north or west of Scotland, where the heather, brackens, and furze that are to be seen on every hand form a harmonious setting to the picturesque and striking figures of the animals. Here they are to be seen any day and every day "at home," but as they are decidedly chary of making new acquaintances it would be foolhardiness on the part of anyone to approach them in the absence of the herdsman.

The points of these animals which at once arrest the atten-

tion of a visitor are the horns, colour, and coat. In the more outlying districts where the animals live in a semi-wild condition the presence of a stranger puts the whole herd on the alert. Instinctively they rally to the herd from all parts, and travel in a manner that causes some surprise that such heavy framed beasts should possess such lightness of foot and gracefulness of carriage. The wild instinct is apparent in the way they marshal themselves in a compact phalanx, in a position suitable either for attack or defence with their heads turned in the direction from which the intruder is approaching.

It would be impossible to execute a flank movement on animals so wary and courageous. Whether stationed thus, or perhaps retreating for safety from one point of vantage to another at a swinging gallop, they never fail to show themselves to advantage.



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

BY THE SEA SHORE.

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THE FATHER OF THE HERD.

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Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

SUNDOWN.

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CHARLES REID.

The horns of the bulls, although large and strong, do not grow to such a length as those of the cows or bullocks. They are of a light colour, tipped with black. They are really formidable weapons, and when occasion requires can be used with skill and effect. The colour of the Highlanders presents a pleasing variety, ranging from black to red, brown, yellow, dun, and whitish-grey. Occasionally a brindled is met with, but unless in such a case each animal is whole coloured.

Owing to their hardy nature and the fact that most of them live outside in all weathers, their coats, which are long and silky, present an unusually shaggy appearance during the greater portion of the year, particularly in the winter season. The thickness of the coat serves as a protection from the cold and the persistent rains of the west country.

Some animals can be photographed singlehanded, but no fewer than six people were engaged in obtaining that of the group given herewith, which was taken on the Island of Arran. About a week was lost waiting for suitable weather. After a drive of eight miles from Brodick to Glen Sannox the herdsman was found who went in search of the cattle in one of the glens under the shadow of Goatfell. He was most emphatic in enjoining the utmost caution in approaching them, and insisted that they must be taken in any place where they happened to stand. He was positive that if any attempt were made to drive them to any particular spot, they would bolt away and disappear among the mountains. After the lapse of several hours the groups here given were obtained just before the sun went down behind the western hills.



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ON THE HILLS.

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